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POLLARD'S
SYNTHETIC
SECOND READER

REBECCA S. POLLARD
ORIGINATOR OF THE SYNTHETIC METHOD OF TEACHING READING



NEW-YORK ❖ CINCINNATI ❖ CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The lessons of this book have been arranged to be used in connection with Pollard's Synthetic Speller.

The Synthetic First Reader takes pupils through monosyllables; dissyllables begin with the Second Reader; hence, the first lesson of this book should follow the first lesson on dissyllables found on the eighty-seventh page of the speller.

The Spelling and Reading lessons should be used alternately, as was done throughout the First Reader.

After the Speller is finished, teachers should consult their Manuals for the marking of the new words found in the reading lessons; they should further require pupils to copy these unfamiliar words on their slates, and afterward mark them, in accordance with the rules already learned through their singing drills.

With but few exceptions, the same general rules apply to the marking of the letters which compose separate syllables as apply to those found in monosyllabic words. Hence, the lessons of this Reader can be prepared by the pupils themselves, without the least assistance, in all cases where teachers have carefully followed the directions given in the Manual.

It is the repeated marking and sounding of its letters, that so indelibly fixes the orthography of the word upon the memory. It is for this essential drill in marking that the same word is so often repeated in both Speller and Readers. If this important feature of the work be omitted, teachers must not expect the correct spelling, which is the uniform result of "marking" the printed page.

The exceptions to general rules are not marked in the Second Reader with a line underneath the word, as in the First Reader. It is here left to teachers to consult their Manuals and present these exceptions on the board, the first time they occur; and after this, pupils are expected to recognize and mark these words whenever they appear.





SECOND READER.



LESSON I.

letting	going	calling	talk
ending	flying	falling	walk
bending	rolling	passing	each
handing	saying	grasping	piece
spending	playing	dancing	square

THE SMALL BOY'S BIRTHDAY. I.

1. When asked what he likes most, this small boy says, "Mamma, papa, grandma and *boys*."

2. He is just at the age when he wants to play with boys. How proud he will be when he can dress as they do!

3. He stands at the front gate and talks to the boys as they pass by. He is learning to use words ending in "ing." He likes the sound of such words and can use them quite well.

4. To-day we heard him ask, "Where are you going, boys? Are you flying your kites?" When the next group passed, he said, "I am rolling my cart now, but soon I am going to dig in my sand pile. Do you play in the sand, boys?"

5. When he was two years old, he liked girls more than boys.

6. His mamma told him he might choose the babes she should ask to his "birthday," and he chose five girls.

7. So she wrote five small notes and sent them to the girls. When their mammas read these notes, the girls wanted to start at once; but they were told they must wait until the birthday came.

LESSON II.

raining	crying	asked	corn
playing	trying	passed	starch
falling	hopping	looked	course
sitting	winking	changed	squares
skipping	looking	reached	choose

THE SMALL BOY'S BIRTHDAY. II.

1. It was raining hard when the small boy's birthday came and each mamma shook her head, saying, "Too wet. I can not take you out."

2. There were tears in the brown and blue eyes, as they looked out at the falling drops.

3. "Oh, oh, my!" said Merle. "Too bad!" cried Beth.

4. "My birthday will spoil," said the small boy, winking hard to keep from crying.

5. But soon glad tones were heard, for, at four o'clock, a hack was sent round, and each small girl, sitting on mamma's lap, went to the "birthday."

6. When asked about her age, Merle said she would "soon be three," but Beth was "past one." The rest said they were "half-past two."

7. When the tea bell rang, each child was placed in a high chair, its mamma sitting near it.

8. The first course was corn starch, which they ate with spoons. Then the cake was cut in small squares, and when it was passed round, each child was told to take a slice.

9. The babe who was "past one" reached out both hands. She thought she should like more than one piece; but her mamma said it was not nice to act so, and the small boy said, "Make Beth be good."

10. She did not cry or look cross, but just drew her hands back.

11. There were five small cakes. These were iced and had names on them. The girls were told that each must take a cake home to show to papa.

12. Then there was skipping and hopping and playing until it was time to go home. The small boy kissed all the girls and told them they

must come to his next "birthday." But he has changed since then. If he is left to choose this year, I think he will say, "Ask boys, all *boys*, to my birthday."

LESSON III.

hopping	being	cared	away
ticking	going	dared	about
picking	waiting	tired	among
running	sharing	fired	around
chirping	wearing	cured	amidst

BESS AND THE WATCH.

Laughing and skipping and springing in glee,
Bess finds a place on papa's waiting knee.
"Now I can hear what your watch has to say.
Ticking and ticking and ticking away.

"Why, it keeps going as fast as I wink!
It must get tired, papa, I should think;
Yet it keeps running all night and all day,
Ticking and ticking and ticking away.



"Sometimes, papa, we play watch just for fun,
I wind up Johnny and ask him to run;
When he comes back then I give him the key,
Telling him now it is time to wind *me*."

LESSON IV.

being	looking	asking	Blanche
going	winding	nothing	always
doing	fishing	coaxing	mistake
seeing	turning	laughing	mistake
trying	dangling	anything	mistake

**BLANCHE'S MISTAKE. I.**

1. "Caught anything, Mark?"
2. "Well, no," said Mark, looking up at Blanche; "but I've had five or six bites," he added.
3. "O, ho!" laughed Blanche, with a toss of her curls. "Bites! they count for nothing. I'll tell you what, Mark. You must stop fishing and come with me. I'm going to get the boat out and have a row down to the Point. You must come, too."

4. "All right," said Mark, winding up his line.

5. Blanche, meanwhile, ran up to the house to get the boat-house key; and, also, to ask her mamma if they might go.

6. Soon she came down the walk with the key dangling from her wrist and with a pout on her red lips.

7. "May we go?" asked Mark.

8. "O, I guess so; come on."

9. "What did Aunt Grace say?" asked Mark.

10. "O, dear, how you do talk! Mamma has gone to town. But I know she would let us go if she were here, and I will ask her when she comes back. It will be just the same in the end." Then she laughed; but it was a very queer kind of a laugh.

11. "O, Blanche, let us wait until Aunt Grace comes back. I know she would not wish us to go without asking."

12. "She won't care," said Blanche, unlocking the boat-house door. "Lend a hand, Mark, with the boat."

13. But Mark did not move.

14. "Let's go and feed the brown horse, Blanche," he said, in a coaxing tone.

15. But Blanche would have her own way.

16. "No, I'm going to take the boat out, I tell you. Hand me the oars, Mark."

17. But Mark, too, was firm.

18. "No, Blanche, I can't go, if Aunt Grace does not know it. It would grieve her and she is always so kind."

19. "You're afraid," cried Blanche, "that's why you won't go. Afraid of papa and afraid of being drowned. You can't swim, you know, though you *are* a boy!"

20. This last taunt was hard for Mark to bear.

21. "I'm not afraid," he said in a low voice, "but I shall not go without asking;" and he turned away.

22. "You're afraid, you're afraid!" shouted Blanche.

23. But, as she could not move the boat alone, she soon gave up trying and started back to the house.

LESSON V.

cable	able	iron	coward
noble	uncle	iron	coward
little	puzzle	iron	coward
stable	people	gentle	coward
saddle	puzzled	humble	coward

BLANCHE'S MISTAKE. II.

1. "Will you take a stroll with me, Blanche?" asked Mark, meeting her on her way to the house.

2. "No, thank you. I don't care to walk with *cowards*," said Blanche, with a curl of her lip.

3. "Well, then, won't you come to the stable and watch me saddle the colt?"

4. "I should think you would be afraid the colt might hurt you. You are such a *brave* boy, you know!"

5. With this parting taunt the little girl walked into the house, feeling — oh, so cross and so wretched!

6. Mark said nothing, but went off down the lane that led across the car-tracks.

7. There were nuts in the lane, and Blanche had been wishing to go nutting all the week; but now, of course, she was too proud to say so.

8. O, what a long, lonesome day that was to the little girl!

9. Mark came back, a short time before tea, looking warm and tired. Blanche was puzzled when she saw he had not brought any nuts with him.

10. Mr. and Mrs. Cable came in just as Blanche and Mark were seating themselves at the tea table.

11. Strange to say, they did not seem to see Blanche at all, but walked straight up to Mark.

12. "My brave, brave boy!" said his uncle, grasping the lad's hand in both his own. "You have saved the lives of more people than I can tell, by your noble act!"

13. "If it had not been for you, Mark, our little Blanche would have had no papa or mamma now," said Mrs. Cable, kissing him, with tears in her eyes.

14. "O, mamma," said Blanche, "what is it, please? What did Mark do?"

15. Then Mr. Cable lifted his little girl on his knee and told her all about it in a few words.

16. Mark, it seems, had seen two large, iron bars lying across the tracks. Finding that he was not able to move them, himself, he ran on at the risk of his own life and warned the coming train. The men had seen a boy running along the bridge, waving his cap, and had stopped the train just in time.

17. "We were on that train, dear," said Mr. Cable, in a grave voice.

18. "O, papa," sobbed Blanche, "I've done nothing but call him a coward to-day, and he was so brave, so good, all the time! If I had minded mamma and been kind to him, as I ought, I should have gone nutting. Then I would have seen the iron bars and helped to save your lives. Mark did it! Mark did it, and I called him a coward!"

19. That evening Blanche said to Mark, in a gentle, humble voice:

20. "Thank you, for saving that train, Mark. I know now that I made a great mistake. You are brave. *I* have been the coward to-day."

21. I think she was right. Don't you?

LESSON VI.

able	trifle	noble	trusted
table	stifle	little	granted
candle	stable	needle	Hannah
bundle	gentle	temple	Hannah
handle	simple	trickle	Hannah

THE CRADLE GIFT.

1. Mrs. Dunning sat by a table, sewing. As her needle moved in and out, she rocked a cradle and sang in a low, gentle tone.

2. Once her thimble fell on the floor. This noise seemed to startle the babe; but she sang on, and soon he fell asleep again.

3. Mrs. Dunning lived alone with this little child. He was all she had to love. Her great wish was that he would grow to be a true and noble man.

4. Her Bible lay upon the table. She had just been reading about Hannah and her little son, and she felt that she wanted to give *her* child to the Lord.

5. "How can I do this?" she asked herself. "There is no temple to which I can take him. No; I must train him up myself, and this good Book will teach me the way."

6. Then she knelt by the cradle and prayed.

7. Her heart was filled with joy when she arose, for she felt that God would care for her child.

8. Her wish was granted. When her boy grew up, he went among the poor and helped all who were in trouble. He spent his life in doing good, and Mrs. Dunning blessed the day when she gave him to the Lord.

9. "I trusted Him and He has not failed me," she said, as she looked with pride upon her son.

LESSON VII.

very	pretty	always	kindled
very	pretty	almost	tumbled
every	pretty	although	sprinkled
every	pretty	almost	sprinkled
every	pretty	although	sprinkled

THE MOON IS VERY FAIR AND BRIGHT.

1. The moon is very fair and bright,
And looks so very high ;
I think it is a pretty sight
To see it in the sky.
It shone upon me where I lay,
And seemed almost as bright as day.
2. The stars are very pretty, too,
And sprinkled all about ;
At first there seem a very few,
But soon the rest come out.
I'm sure I could not count them all,
They are so very bright and small.



8. God made and keeps them, every one,
Just by His word and might.
He is more grand than moon and sun
And all the stars of night.
Yet, though so great, we, by His grace,
If pure in heart, shall see His face.



LESSON VIII.

Tabby	Gipsy	story	enough
Jerry	Hardy	lazy	enough
Harry	Sandy	tidy	enough
merry	easy	pony	enough
sorry	easy	only	enough

THE KIND HORSE.

1. My friend, Jerry Hardy, had a horse named Gipsy. Gipsy was sick, at one time, and had to stay in the stable two weeks.

2. Little Harry Hardy was very fond of Gipsy. He went out every day to pat him and tell him how sorry he was that he was sick.

3. One morning little Harry found that the old cat was lame. Sandy, their stable boy, had told him that there was a little kitty up in the hay-loft, and that, as soon as it was old enough, Tabby, the cat, would bring it down.

4. After that Harry watched for the cat and gave her milk to drink.



5. One morning Tabby limped into the yard on three feet. Jane, the cook, gave her milk, and when little Harry came out, he tried to catch her, to see what had hurt her foot; but she ran, limping, away, before he could get to her.

6. He kept near her, and when he reached the stable door—what do you think he saw?

7. He saw Tabby lie down at Gipsy's feet, look up into his face, and mew.

8. The horse looked down at her, bent his head, took her in his mouth and tossed her up to her kitty.

9. And little Harry cried out, "Bend your head down again, kind old horsey! I want to hug you for that smart trick."

LESSON IX.

busy	Harry	Annie	because
busy	Benny	Nannie	because
busy	Johnny	Carrie	because
busy	Lucy	Jennie	because
busy	Mary	Hattie	because

MERRY BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. Look at the little ones! Happy and gay,
Merry and noisy, yet kind when at play.
2. Busy as bees are the girls and the boys,
Jumping and skipping and making a noise.
3. Harry is rolling a hoop on the ground.
Benny is whistling and jumping around.
4. Lily is filling a stocking with sand.
Tommy is tossing a ball from his hand.
5. Jimmy is smoothing a board with a plane.
Johnny is running with Tom in the lane.
6. Lucy is singing the baby to sleep.
Jennie and Mary are playing "Bo-Peep."
7. Carrie is rocking and fanning the cat.
Willie is setting a trap for a rat.
8. Hattie and Mattie are trying to hem.
Nannie and Minnie are looking at them.

9. Annie and Bessie are dancing in glee;
While Jack shakes the ripe, tempting fruit
from the tree.
10. All are so happy, so merry, so gay,
Because they are gentle and kind when at
play.
-

LESSON X.

minute	paw	bird	pears	hears
minute	flaw	third	wears	fears
minute	draw	word	dares	tears
minute	dead	curd	hares	nears
minute	thread	heard	stairs	spears

"IN A MINUTE."

1. Madge Kirk had a way of saying, "In a minute," when asked to do anything.
2. "Madge, dear, run up stairs and bring me down my comb."
3. "In a minute, mamma. I have just a few words of this story to read."



4. "Lunch is ready. Come, Miss Madge."
5. "In a minute, Mary. I must brush my hair first."
6. Once her bird was hopping about on the floor. Some one went out leaving the door ajar.
7. "Shut the door, Madge, or the cat will get your bird."

8. "Yes, mamma, in a minute. As soon as I have drawn this line."

9. But the cat did not wait. He darted in, sprang across the floor and took the poor bird in his mouth.

10. Dashing her slate upon the floor, Madge ran from the room. There was a wild chase on the lawn, but, *in a minute*, she came back weeping, with the dead bird in her hand.

11. Her mamma looked sad and said in a low tone, "Great harm can be done, as you see, in a minute. Had you gone promptly and closed the door, the life of your bird might have been spared. I am sorry for your loss, but I trust this will teach you to do, *at once*, what you are told."

12. Madge did learn, but it took her a long while. When asked to do something, she would say, "In a—" and then close her lips tightly.

13. She has learned what *duty* means. When she hears a child say, "In a minute," she tells it the story of her dead bird; and the tears come when she says it was all *her* fault that poor little Chirp was killed.

LESSON XI.

passes	faces	mashes	naughty
pages	wages	flashes	naughty
places	blazes	catches	suppose
classes	verses	matches	suppose
glasses	voices	splashes	suppose

GRANDMA'S GLASSES.

1. When grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me just so,
If I have done a naughty thing,
She's sure, somehow, to know.
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?
2. She says to me, "Yes, little one,
I see it in your eye ;"
And if I look across the room,
Or run and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

3. If *I* should put the glasses on
 And look in grandma's eyes,
 Do you suppose that I should be
 So very, very, wise?
 Now, what if I should find it true
 That grandma had been naughty, too?
4. But oh, what am I thinking of,
 To dream that grandma could
 Be any thing, in all her life,
 But sweet and kind and good!
 I think I'll try myself to be
 So good that when she looks at me,
 With eyes so loving all the day,
 I will not need to run away.

 LESSON XII.

eyes	fellow	swarmed	carried
eyes	yellow	followed	hurried
breath	pillow	swallowed	worried
breathe	willow	tadpole	hurried
breathes	swallow	bull-frog	worried

MR. FROG'S STORY. I.



1. We had been sitting down by a large pond, under a willow tree, watching the fish leaping up to catch flies. Will had a great many things to ask about the tadpoles, which swarmed round the edge of

the pond, and the small frogs that jumped about among the grass.

2. There were some frogs that were not at all small, but great fellows that looked quite gay in their coats of black and yellow.

3. There they sat blinking their round eyes, as they snapped their large mouths at the small flies which flew past.

4. One of these frogs was a big, wise looking fellow. He hurried back and forth, but did not seem to catch as many flies as he could eat.

5. Will told this big frog to sit still while he asked him about a few things.

6. "Tell me, first, Mr. Frog, why your throat keeps swelling out as though you were choking. Why do you choose that wet seat, and what have you done with your tail? You had one when you were small, you know."

7. As I had to speak for the old fellow, I said, "Well, Will, I am not at all worried about my wet seat. What more can I ask on a hot, sunny day, than to have my feet and legs dipped in the pond? The wet grass makes my back moist and cool. It will do very well for you to sit in a dry place, for your skin does not dry up as mine does.

8. "If my skin were not kept moist and soft, I should die. I could not breathe, for I have no ribs which move like yours. Your ribs work like a pair of bellows and force the air into your lungs.

9. "When I breathe, I must shut my mouth and swallow the air just as I do a nice fly. This is why you think I am going to choke. If I kept my mouth shut, I should die for want of breath.

10. "There were some boys here, fishing, last week. I heard one say that frogs all stand in a row while a big bull-frog goes round and bites their tails off.

11. "This is not true. Just pick me up and look into my mouth. You will see that I have no teeth. So I could not bite if I should try."

LESSON XIII.

tongue	couple	below	flies
tongue	double	until	sprout
tongue	trouble	unless	moist
tongues	double	inside	throat
tongues	trouble	outside	spawn

MR. FROG'S STORY. II.

1. "If you had been here last spring, Will, you would have seen what looked like a great mass of jelly, floating on this pond. This is called frog-spawn.

2. "It is made up of a great many small globes, each one about as big as a pea. These globes



are our eggs. When the days get warm, they hatch. And what do you think come out of these eggs?

3. "I knew you would guess a frog, Will, but here you are wrong. From each egg comes a strange looking little fellow that seems all head and tail. He is called a tadpole. You can see a great many of these right here in the pond.

4. "A tadpole swims, just like a fish, by wagging his tail from side to side. He breathes through gills, placed outside of his head.

5. "As the tadpole grows, a pair of tiny legs sprout out near the tail, while the gills and the tail grow less each day.

6. "Soon a pair of new legs sprout from below the throat, and the gills slip inside and are changed into lungs. When this is done, the tadpole jumps out of the pond, and lo! he has turned into a little frog with a tail.

7. "He ate soft green weeds while in the pond, but now he eats small flies and bugs. His tail gets less and less each day, until, in a short time, he has none at all. He now stays on land, in moist, shady places, so that his soft skin may not dry up.

8. "And now, Will, let me tell you something about our tongues. You know that the root of a boy's tongue is near his throat and the tip near his front teeth.

9. "Just pick me up and look at my tongue. You will see that *its* root is near the front and if you will touch it with your thumb, you will find it sticky.

10. "Don't be afraid, Will. I should not bite you if I had teeth. You are a nice boy, and I like you. Now I will hold my lips apart and let you see that I have told the truth.

11. "You are sorry for me, are you, Will? Well, just watch me when that small fly comes this way. I will double my tongue until the tip is in front. When the fly touches this, it sticks to it; then I throw the tip back, and the little fellow finds himself down my throat.

12. "This is quite a neat way to catch flies, but *you* couldn't do it, Will, unless you could turn into a frog."

LESSON XIV.

fellow	other	ever	obey
mellow	sister	never	obey
sorrow	father	either	forgive
borrow	mother	neither	forgive
sparrow	brother	trousers	forgive



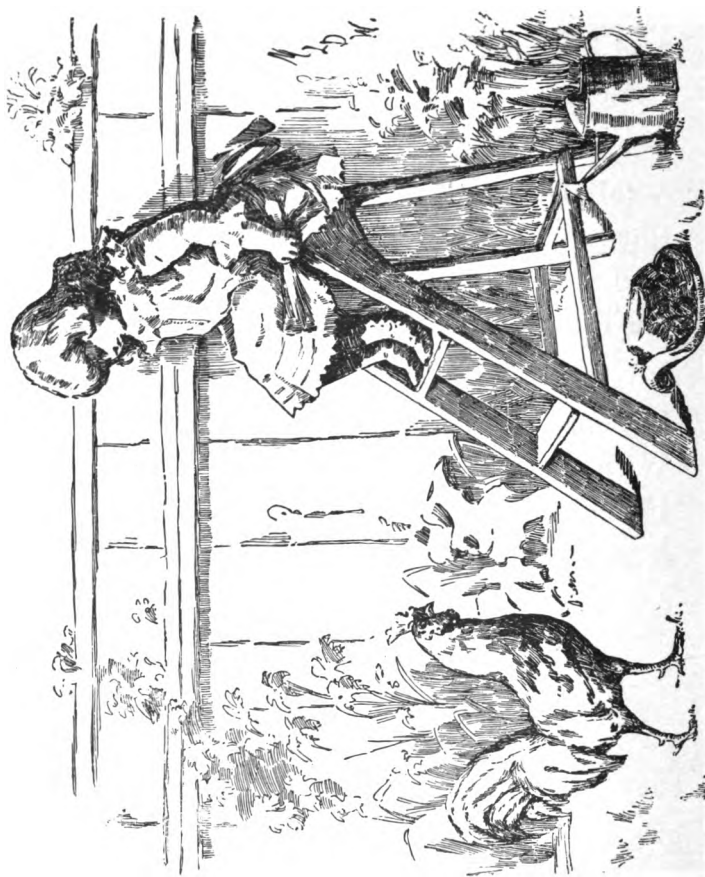
A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

1. "A fellow's mother," said Harry the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or a bruise or a fall in the dirt.
2. "A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and boxes and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

3. "She does not care — not much, I mean —
If a fellow's face is not always clean ;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee,
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.
4. "A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry, if you are bad ;
And I tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive whate'er you do.
5. "I'm sure of this," said Harry the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes ;
"I'll mind my mother quick every day —
A fellow's a *baby* that don't obey."
-

LESSON XV.

easy	after	under	Pearl
greedy	faster	ladder	Merle
quickly	nicer	dinner	polite
turkey	better	wonder	polite
country	rooster	climbed	polite



THE ROOSTER.

1. Merle and Pearl Burt were twins. They lived in the country. Every day they went to the barn-yard to watch the fowls. They liked to see the roosters flap their wings and crow, "oo, oo, oo, oo, oo! oo, oo, oo, oo, oo!"

2. They said the roosters were so polite. They scratched for worms and then called the hens to eat them.

3. One day, Merle could not find Pearl. She went up and down stairs calling, "Pearl! Pearl!"

4. After awhile, she went out into the yard and then she heard her sister crying.

5. She ran quickly to the gate and looked over the fence.

6. There sat Pearl, on the top of the step-ladder, while the old rooster stood below. He would not have hurt the child. He had lost his hens and was just running to find them.

7. Pearl thought he wanted to catch her; so she climbed the ladder and called for Merle to come and chase him away.

8. There were ducks and geese and turkeys in the barn-yard, too. One old turkey must have thought the hens were greedy, for he would watch them eat, and then say, "Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

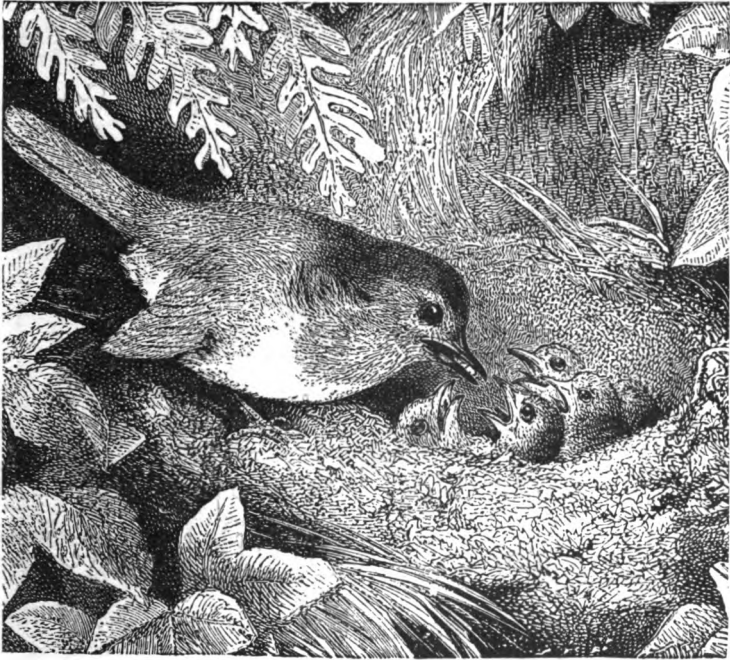
9. But the hens did not care. When the roosters called, "Here's a worm! Here's a worm!" they ran just as fast as they could to see who would get there first.

10. "I wonder when the roosters eat," said Merle. "They scratch and scratch, and yet I have never seen them help themselves."

11. Mamma says her little girls may learn something from this. It is much nicer to share what we have, with others, than to gobble, gobble, all the time.

LESSON XVI.

anger	limb	lies	birdie
linger	lamb	dies	Carrie
finger	dumb	flies	Nellie
longer	numb	cries	Hattie
stronger	thumb	spies	Annie



LITTLE BIRDIE.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie.
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are
stronger"

So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away"

"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are
stronger;

If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."

LESSON XVII.

either	never	sorry	month
neither	cellar	pantry	young
weather	collar	rushed	though
further	dollar	turned	through
whither	scholar	crawled	thought

MY BROTHER DICK.

1. I am a young rat. My name is Cuff. I live with my father, mother, brothers and sisters, under the first floor of a large house.

2. We lost our little brother, Dick, last month. He was mother's pet, and quite spoiled. He did not always obey her, and this cost him his life.

3. Beneath the base-board in the pantry, there is a big hole which leads down to our home.

4. No one in the house knows of this, but a cross old cat. When she is shut in, she sits there and watches for us all night.

5. We know she was not there the night we lost little Dick. We heard her mewing in the yard. So Dick told mother to have no fear, as he would be back soon.

6. Still she begged him to stay. She had a sore

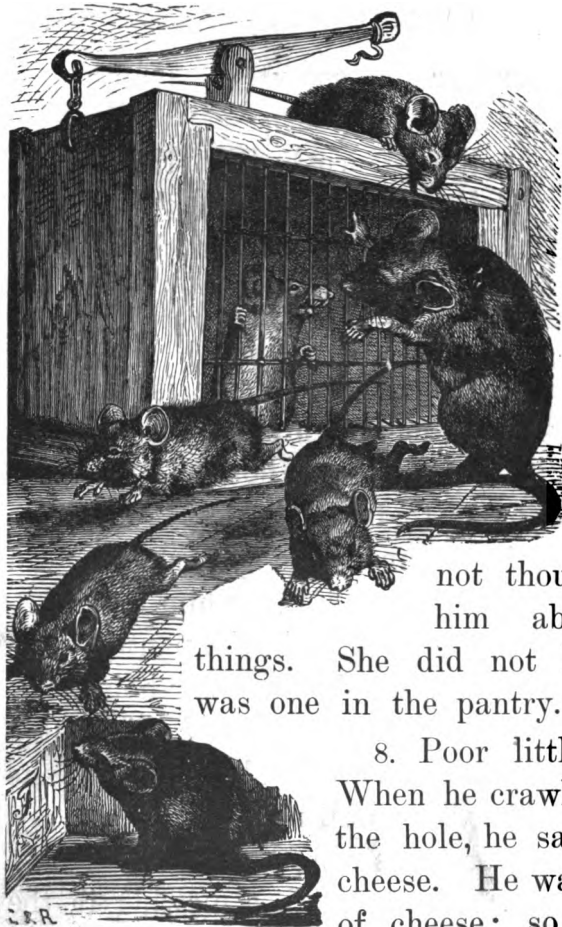
foot and could not go with him, and he was too young to go alone.

7. My little brother had never seen a trap. Mother had

not thought to tell him about such things. She did not know there was one in the pantry.

8. Poor little fellow! When he crawled through the hole, he saw a bit of cheese. He was very fond of cheese; so he ran in

to nibble.



Then the trap closed with a quick snap. O, he was sorry enough that he had not obeyed! He squealed for mother, but she could not help him.

9. We all slipped up and tried to unlock the door. Dick put his hand through the bars, and mother held it, crying, "Why did you come? Why did you come?"

10. Then each of us went and held his hand. This was our good-bye to our little brother.

11. It was hard, though, to get mother away. She sat there, close to the trap, until the dawn. Then some one turned the knob of the door, and we all rushed down the hole.



12. Father thinks Dick is alive and will come home some day. He watched through the cellar window and saw a girl bring the trap out.

13. Then he heard her call Speck, the old cat. He thinks that when the trap door was lifted, Dick slipped past the cat. At least, this is what I heard him tell mother.

LESSON XVIII.

water	shadow	complete	bleach
bower	window	compare	breath
tower	furrow	compose	clothes
flower	sparrow	combine	through
shower	meadow	complain	balmy

WASHING THE CLOTHES.

1. This is the way we wash the clothes
Clean and sweet from dirt and stain :
Through and through, the water flows,
Makes them pure and white again.
2. This is the way we bleach the clothes :
Lay them out upon the grass ;
Through and through, the sunshine goes ;
Softly o'er them shadows pass.

3. This is the way we dry the clothes :
Hang them smoothly on the line ;
Through and through, the fresh wind blows,
Sweet with breath of flower and vine.
4. Water, sun and balmy air
Make the clothes all clean and sweet ;
Fold and iron now with care ;
So the work will be complete.
-

LESSON XIX.

ocean	question	answer	carries
action	question	answer	hurries
notion	question	answer	worries
motion	question	answered	empties
station	question	answered	countries

AN OCEAN TRIP. I.

1. George Nash lived with his uncle Charles, on a farm.
2. Mr. Nash told him that if he would study hard until he was twelve years old, he would take him abroad with him.



3. This pleased George very much, and he made good use of his time. He read about the countries he hoped to see, and learned all he could about the people across the ocean.

4. His uncle had told him that he must be able to answer a half score of such questions as he chose to ask, before they started, and as many more after they had set sail.

5. George did not know the meaning of a score, but he looked it up, and when he found out, he knew that he must answer twenty questions in all.

6. The first ten questions were asked and answered before they were ready to start.

7. "I must take it for granted that you will answer the rest, George, as these must be asked on ship-board. I feel sure that I can take the risk, for you did not miss one of the ten which I gave you."

8. This praise from his uncle pleased George greatly. As the day drew near, he was so eager to start, he felt, at times, that he could hardly wait.

9. At last the morning came and they drove to the station.

10. It took two days, by rail, to reach New York. George had never before seen the ocean.

11. The motion of the ship made him sick for a few days, but after that he felt quite well. He never seemed to tire of watching the waves leap up as the ship dashed along.

12. The fourth day, they had quite a storm. George crept close to his uncle, saying that he was afraid.

13. Mr. Nash put his arm around the boy and told him he must learn to trust. He talked to him of the One above the storm, and told him how the winds and the waves obeyed His will.

LESSON XX.

honey	anxious	queen	coast
money	anxious	fifth	boast
donkey	anxious	width	toast
monkey	anxious	build	search
journey	anxious	people	breadth

AN OCEAN TRIP. II.

1. It was clear and bright on the fifth day, when Mr. Nash told George that he was ready for the rest of the questions.

2. "Well, uncle, I shall do my best."
3. "You may write the answers, George."
4. What is the name of the man who crossed this ocean in search of the land in which we live?
5. What is the name of the queen who gave him money to build his ships?
6. How many ships did he build?
7. From what port did he sail?
8. How long were these ships upon the ocean, and where did they land?
9. What kind of people did he find?
10. Give me the name of the great and good man who first stood at the head of our nation.
11. Where and when was he born?
12. Where and when did he die?
13. How many stars and stripes has our flag, and what do they mean?
14. George grew anxious while his uncle was reading his answers; but when he smiled and said, "Well done, my boy," he felt quite proud.
15. How many boys and girls who read this story, can do as well as George did? If you have not learned about these things, ask your teacher.

LESSON XXI.

even	forgot	grateful	remember
open	forgotten	grateful	remember
garden	forgotten	thankful	remembered
broken	happened	thankful	remembered
happen	happened	faithful	remembered

HELPING THE HEN.

1. "It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.
2. "The little brown hen was there clucking—
'Cut-cut,' she said quick as a wink;
Then, 'Cut-cut,' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.
3. "And then she would say it all over;
She did look so mad and so vexed;
For, what do you think? She'd forgotten
The word that she ought to say next!

4. "So I said, 'Ca-daw-cut,' 'Ca-daw-cut,'
As loud and as strong as I could ;
And she looked around at me so thankful,
I tell you it made her feel good.
5. "So she flopped and said, 'Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut ;'
(She remembered just how it went then);
But it's well I went into the garden ;
She might never have clucked right again."
-

LESSON XXII.

often	uncle	coin	cover
listen	ankle	noise	covered
golden	tinkle	voice	opened
maiden	wrinkle	broil	ripened
tighten	twinkle	spoil	happened

THE MISER.

1. "Would you like to hear a true story of a miser, boys?"
2. "O, yes, Aunt Mary!" said John.
3. "May I hear it too?" asked Jessie, a little golden-haired maiden.



4. "Yes, dear, if you will sit still and listen."

5. "What is a miser?" asked Frank.

6. "I know, aunty," cried John. "I saw one in a book, once. He was a tall, thin, greedy-looking man, counting his money. He seemed to be peeping out of the corners of his eyes, as if he was afraid some one might be watching him."

7. "The miser I shall tell you about was a dog, not a man," said Aunt Mary.

8. "A dog!" cried both the boys in one breath.

9. "Yes. Your Uncle Ray once had a yellow dog named Curly. He was never quite like other dogs.

10. "When he was a little puppy, he loved to sit all alone in some snug corner, while his brothers and sisters were romping all over the place.

11. "He would often be seen tugging away at an old boot, or at anything else, within reach, small enough for him to drag along. This he would hide in his corner.

12. "When any of us came to take it away from him, he would tighten his hold and whine.

13. "At one time, your Uncle Ray had seven old coins sent him. These he laid upon a low table in his study. The next morning, when he came down stairs, every coin was gone!

14. "About a week later, Curly was watched and seen to go, very often, to the same spot in the garden.

15. "There he sniffed about, scratched up the earth, and looked closely at something for a long time.

16. "Then he covered up the hole which he had opened with such care, and stole away.

17. "What do you think he had hidden, boys?"
18. "Uncle Ray's coins!" they both cried at once.
19. "I think so, too," said the little maiden with the golden hair, who had sat quite still while Aunt Mary talked.
20. "You are all right. After that, we always called Curly 'the miser.'"

LESSON XXIII.

know	angel	forehead	nowhere
knob	angel	forehead	anywhere
knit	cherub	forehead	elsewhere
knife	cherub	cornered	somewhere
knee	cherub	cornered	everywhere

THE BABY.

- Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
- Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
- What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.



4. Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.
5. What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
6. What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
Something better than any one knows.
7. Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me, at once, a kiss.
8. Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
9. Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

10. Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.
11. How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
12. But how did you come to us, my dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.
-

LESSON XXIV.

attic	satin	boxes	basin
antic	robin	dresses	cousin
habit	bobbin	reaches	raisin
visit	muslin	bundles	cousin
merit	napkin	handles	raisin

IN THE BIG TRUNK. I.

1. One day, when I was about five years old, my sister Mary said to me: "Daisy, papa is going to take us with him on a visit to Aunt Ruth."

2. "O, sister," I cried, "how nice! What lovely times Amy and I will have!"



3. Amy was a little cousin, just my own age.

4. "It will be a week before we start, dear," said Mary. "Nurse and I must be very busy until then, and you must try not to tease or bother us."

5. I think I meant to be good ; but teasing was a naughty habit of mine, at that time. I am sure poor Mary wished, again and again, that she had not told me of our visit until the day before we were to leave.

6. I used to climb up to the big attic, where the trunks were kept, and wonder which one would go with us, and wish Mary would let me have one all for myself and my dolls.

7. There was one trunk I liked more than all the others. It was quite old and it shut with a spring.

8. Inside, it had what I called little "boxes," with lids to them. I used to think how nice it would be to pack my dolls in this trunk; each would have a kind of house for itself.

9. At last, one morning, I said to my sister: "Mary, may I have the big trunk with the little boxes in it for my trunk?"

10. Sister was busy at the time, and I do not think she heard what I said. But I kept on teasing. "May I put Lady Rose and Baby Bunting into the little boxes now?" I asked.

11. "Don't tease, Daisy. Sister is busy," said she.

12. I turned away feeling very cross and naughty. The next day, I watched until Mary and nurse were out of sight.

13. Then I took Lady Rose under one arm, and Baby Bunting under the other, and filled my hands full of toys and dolls' dresses.

14. I climbed the stairs to the attic, put my

bundles on the floor, and took out the top tray of the trunk.

15. In the lower tray were the little "boxes." They would just do for the dolls. There was one big space in the trunk without a lid—a "hole," I called it.

16. At first, I worked hard, laying in the pretty muslin and satin dresses, to make a nice soft bed for my dolls. But I soon grew tired. It was so very far to reach.

17. Then it came into my mind that it would be much better if I were to get into the trunk myself.

18. I could stand in the big "hole" and put the dolls into the "boxes." Then I should not need to bend over from the outside.

LESSON XXV.

robin	dozen	edged	within
cabin	silken	hedged	within
poplin	fallen	wedged	without
bodkin	shorten	fledged	without
muslin	heaven	pledged	without

IN THE BIG TRUNK. II.

1. When I found myself in the trunk, I was very much pleased. I sat down to rest for a while, before going on with what I called my packing.

2. Soon I jumped up again, meaning to reach over for Lady Rose, who was lying on the floor, beside the trunk. How it was, I can not tell; but I think I must have caught the tapes which held the lid, for down it came.

3. It did not hurt me much, for I had not had time to stretch out my head. The weight fell mostly upon my back; and before I knew what had struck me, I found myself shut up in the trunk, all in the dark.

4. There was just a little line of light around the edge of the lid, for it had not shut quite down. The hasp of the lock had caught in the fall, and was wedged into a wrong place.

5. So there was still a space for some air to enter, and a very, very little light.

6. When my first fright was over I worked hard to get out.

7. I tried to push up the lid with my head and hands. It seemed to push back upon me.

8. The strong, heavy lid, which had been across the sea a half-dozen times, would not move the least bit.

9. Then I tried to poke my fingers through the little space that was left, but I could not find the lock. It was well I did not; for, if I had touched the hasp, the lid might have fallen quite into place, and so shut me in without any air at all.

10. At last, I thought of screaming. "Nurse, nurse, O, nurse!" I cried; and then, "Sister, sister, sister!"

11. But it was of no use. No one came. No one heard me. Just then, I caught sight, through the chink, of Lady Rose's blue satin dress.

12. "Naughty, naughty Rose," I cried, willing to blame any one but myself for the plight I was in. "You are lying there as if there was nothing the matter, and it was all for you I came up



here. If you were a little dog, you would go and bark, and they would hear and let me out."

13. I cried and sobbed until I was very tired. Then what do you think I did?

14. Though I was all crushed up into a little ball, there in the trunk, I went to sleep, and slept

as soundly as if I had been in my own little bed. When I woke up, I could not think where I was. I felt stiff and sore, and when I tried to stretch myself out, I could not.

15. Soon I thought I heard footsteps. Some one was surely coming up the attic stairs. Then I heard voices.

16. I called out loudly : "O, sister, nurse, here I am ! Shut up in the big trunk !"

17. They did not hear me at first. They were not yet half-way up the attic stairs. So I cried again : "O, sister, sister, let me out !"

18. She heard me this time. Dear sister, I have never called to her, in vain, in all my life.

19. She rushed up the stairs, led by my voice, knelt down beside the trunk, threw open the lid, and caught me in her arms.

20. "My poor, poor little sister !" she said, kissing me, with tears in her eyes.

21. That night, before nurse put me to bed, I crept into Mary's lap and told her how very, very sorry I was for having caused her so much pain.

22. I think, too, the two hours I spent in that trunk, helped to cure me of the habit of teasing.

LESSON XXVI.

fleecy	became	certain	splendid
enough	between	curtain	splendid
cuddled	because	captain	splendid
muddled	become	fountain	splendid
another	believe	mountain	splendid

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

1. "Help one another," the snow-flakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid drift there'll be."
2. "Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow-leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

3. "Help one another," the dew drop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"The warm south wind would dry me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook, and run to the sea."
4. "Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain close at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, oh, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand;
We'll build a mountain, and then we'll stand."
5. And so the snow-flakes grew to drifts;
The grains of sand to mountains;
The leaves became a summer shade;
The dew drops fed a fountain.

LESSON XXVII.

monkey	lady	ladies	India
monkey	story	stories	India
monkeys	carry	carries	India
monkeys	marry	married	baggage
monkeys	hurry	hurried	baggage

MONKEYS.

1. I suppose every little boy and girl who reads this book, has seen a monkey. Most of you have been told stories about monkeys, and you know that they try to do what they see done by people around them.

2. I think you must have heard of the pet monkey, who took the little girl's hat from a band-box, and put it on. It was so large, that it fell down to his feet, and so hid him, that when the little girl came in, her hat seemed to be walking across the floor.

3. Once, she found him brushing his teeth with her tooth brush, and the next day he quite spoiled her wax doll, by washing all the paint off its face.

4. The first mate on a ship was bringing a large monkey home to his little girl. There was a cat on board that the monkey did not like, because she tried to play with his tail.

5. One day, a loud cry was heard. "Me-ow! Me-ow! Me-ow!" The cat seemed to be in pain.

Everyone looked up, and there, on one of the ropes, stood the monkey, swinging the cat back and forth by her tail.

6. Once a train of cars was moving quickly along. All at once the bell rang—

7. “Ting-a-ling-a-ling!” Every one in the cars thought something was wrong.

8. The men hurried out. The ladies looked from the windows. Nothing could be seen. The train seemed to be all right.

9. The brakeman ran down the track. There was nothing wrong there. He ran into the baggage car, and there he found out why the bell had rung.

10. There was a monkey in the baggage car. He had come from India in a ship. He was on his way to a lady who had bought him.

11. In his old home in the woods, he used to twine his tail around the branches, and rock and swing.

12. As he sat on a trunk in the baggage car, he thought this was a dull way to spend his time. He wished to play as he had done at home.



13. Soon he spied the bell rope. This rope runs through the train at the top of the cars. He twined his tail round it, and rocked and swung. He liked this very much. This is the way the bell was rung.

14. The brakemen laughed. They did not scold the queer little fellow.

15. There was once a pet monkey which would jump upon the back of every dog that passed the gate. He did this for a ride.



16. Some of the dogs were cross. They would snarl and snap. When they found that they could not reach him, they would lie down and roll.

17. The kind dogs took it as a joke, and would trot along with Mr. Monkey on their backs, as though they thought this was great fun.

LESSON XXVIII.

began	two	herself	above,
before	shoe	yourself	about
beneath	true	yourselves	asleep
beneath	threw	ourselves	again
branches	through	themselves	against

MORE ABOUT MONKEYS.

1. In the countries where wild monkeys live, the branches of trees are, sometimes, full of these little fellows.

2. There are so many bugs and worms there, that the people wear caps when they lie down to rest or sleep.

3. Once a man was walking beneath some trees that were full of monkeys. He had a large bundle of red caps which he was taking to a town near by, to sell.

4. As the day was warm, he lay down beneath a tree to rest, and soon fell asleep. Before he

lay down, he took a red cap from his bundle and drew it on his head, as he feared something might crawl into his ears.

5. The monkeys, in the branches above; were watching him all the time. As soon as he was fast asleep, they slipped down, one at a time, and each monkey drew a red cap on his head, just as the man had done.

6. Then they climbed the tree again and sat, nodding their heads and talking, for all the world, like people who have a great deal to say.

7. They all seemed to think it such a good joke to wear red caps.

8. When the man awoke, he heard the noise above him and looked up.

9. The tree seemed to be full of red caps. He looked on the ground for his bundle. All his caps were gone.

10. Then he knew that the monkeys had helped themselves. This made him very angry. Pulling the cap from his head, he threw it down, saying, "There, you greedy fellows! As you have all the rest, take this one, too."

11. When they saw this, every monkey reached for the cap he wore and threw it upon the ground, just as the man had done.

12. And so it chanced that he got all his caps back again.

LESSON XXIX.

billow	osprey	dearest	olden
mellow	osprey	purest	golden
sparrow	osprey	truest	driven
meadow	osprey	sweetest	thicken
swallow	osprey	brightest	freshen

THE SNOW-BIRD.

1. In the morning light trills the gay swallow,
The thrush in the roses below.
The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,
And the snow-bird sings in the snow.
 "Twée wee!
 Chicadee!"
The snow-bird sings in the snow.

2. The blue martin trills in the gable,
The wren on the ground below,
In the elm flutes the golden robin,
But the snow-bird sings in the snow.
 “Twee wee!
 Chicadee!”
The snow-bird sings in the snow.
3. High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,
The wing of the sparrow drops low,
In the mist dips the wing of the robin,
And the snow-bird's wing in the snow.
 “Twee wee!
 Chicadee!”
The snow-bird sings in the snow.
4. I love the high heart of the osprey,
The meek heart of the thrush below,
The heart of the lark in the meadow,
And the snow-bird's heart in the snow.
 But dearest to me,
 “Chicadee! Chicadee!”
Is that true little heart in the snow.





LESSON XXX.

April	fallen	story	isle
Ancil	broken	cheery	isle
peril	children	danger	island
pupil	ladies	manger	island
anvil	followed	stranger	island

THE FLOOD. I.

1. The house in which Miss Ancil lived with her aged mother, was built upon a small island. This island was so near the main-land that it was reached by a light bridge.

2. It seemed a lonely place to live; but it had been the home of Mrs. Ancil and her daughter for many years.

3. During heavy rains, the water rose very high; but it had never been known to pass the door-sills.

4. The ladies of the town were very kind to Mrs. Ancil and her daughter. Six mothers sent their little girls to Miss Ancil's school. She taught these small pupils to draw, to read and to spell.

5. All little boys and girls like to use a pencil, and it was not long until these little girls could draw houses and cats and dogs very nicely.

6. As they sat in their small chairs, around a table, they made as busy and happy a group as you could wish to see.

7. It had been raining hard for a night and a day; yet, no one thought about a flood. The little girls had been brought over the light bridge that morning, each with her lunch in her hand, and no one dreamed of danger.

8. At noon, a table was spread, and Miss Ancil told them a nice story, as she shared their lunch. She talked in a bright, cheery way, so that they might not think about the falling rain.

9. Her pupils did not even know that it was raining hard. They were so pleased with the story she was telling.

LESSON XXXI.

reply	water	saved	pointing
return	linger	showed	warning
nearest	finger	climbed	minutes
youngest	daughter	reached	hurried
strongest	returned	walked	carried

THE FLOOD. II.

1. In the middle of the story, a loud crash was heard. The house shook as if something had been dashed against the outside walls.

2. The roots of a large tree which grew on the island, had been washed out, and it had fallen, breaking the bridge.

3. Mrs. Ancil heard the crash, but said nothing, for her daughter lifted a finger in warning, as she led the children up stairs.

4. "Stand right here, little ones, and watch grandma knit," she said.

5. Then she went to the window and looked out.

6. The tree was very large. Its branches reached to the main land.

7. There was a crowd of people on the shore, and among them were the mothers of the six little girls.

8. A strong plank had been placed against a branch of the tree. Up this plank a young man had walked. From it he stepped along the trunk of the tree, until he reached the window where Miss Ancil stood.

9. "Come," he said, holding out his hands.

10. "My pupils first," she said.

11. "I cannot save all. Come, first, and I will return for them."

12. But she shook her head.

13. "Save as many as you can," she said. Then she lifted the youngest, who had crept to her side, and placed it in his arms.

14. He turned quickly and climbed back. The father of the child stood upon the plank. Taking the little one from the young man's arms, he sprang to the shore.

15. In this way the six pupils were saved. It was risking his own life to go back, yet the young man climbed along the tree trunk once more. The house was shaking, and might, at any minute, be swept away.

16. "Come now," he said, as he reached the window.

17. "My mother," said Miss Ancil, pointing to the arm-chair.

18. "I cannot save both. It will be too late."

19. The firm look in Miss Ancil's face showed him that the mother could not be left; so he took the aged form in his arms and hurried back.

20. As he went, the brave girl sprang from the window. She knew he might lose his life if he



returned for her; so she sat down on the trunk of the tree and pulled herself along by the branches.

21. The tree was moving, even then; but there were strong men waiting on the plank, who lifted her to the shore almost as soon as the young man reached it with her mother.

22. It was well that she did not wait; for, a few minutes later, the house, tree and plank were carried away by the flood.

23. There was great joy in the homes of the little pupils that night. A short time after, the

fathers of these children built Mrs. Ancil and her daughter a home that could not be swept away.

LESSON XXXII.

civil	agile	selfish	pocket
anvil	fragile	selfish	rocket
April	agile	foolish	cheerful
pencil	fragile	peevish	watchful
stencil	agile	childish	thankful

RIGHT HAND AND LEFT HAND.

Happy little Right Hand!
Busy all day long,
Doing Robbie's bidding,
Be it right or wrong;
Never stops to grumble,
Never tries to shirk;
Always quick and cheerful,
Be it play or work

Breakfast bell is ringing;
 "Robbie," mamma cries:
Active little Right Hand
 To his duty flies;
Pours the sparkling water
 From the brimming urn;
Washes lazy Left Hand,
 Bids him take his turn

Now he grasps a tooth-brush.
 Scours Robbie's pearls;
Next he smooths the meshes
 Of his shining curls;
Fastens sleeves and collar;
 Round the waistband glides;
While the lazy Left Hand
 In a pocket hides.

Next the shoes and stockings
To a chair he brings;
Asks his sleepy brother
To help him tie the strings;
Goes with "Rob" to breakfast,
Takes his books to school;
Finds his slate and pencil,
Rubber, sponge and rule.

If you had the choosing,
Which one would you take?
Well I know your answer,
Little "Wide Awake;"
Not the lazy Left Hand,
Selfish, slow and shy;
But the busy Right Hand,
Agile, willing, spry.

LESSON XXXIII.

bristle	balloon	daughter	untied
gristle	balloon	laughter	unwound
thistle	balloon	shoulder	fastened
whistle	balloon	shoulder	fastened
whistle	balloon	shoulder	hastened

AMY'S BALLOON RIDE. I.

1. The town in which Amy Long lived was on the shores of a lovely lake.

2. Mr. Ray was a friend of Mr. Long. He loved Amy dearly; almost as much as his own little daughter, Lily.

3. Amy was such a mite of a child that she was often called Tiny. Mr. Ray used to say, as he tossed her up or lifted her to his shoulder, "It would take two of you, Tiny, to make one like my Lily. You are as light as thistle-down."

4. "And what is thistle-down, Mr. Ray?"



5. "I can show you better than I can tell you," he said. And so, the next day, he brought the ripe pod of a thistle, and showed Amy the white, downy stuff with which it was filled.



6. "I am not as light as that," said Amy, laughing. "But I am glad I am not heavy," she went on. "If I were, I should not have so many nice rides."

7. As the little girl bounded from the front steps to meet Mr. Ray, one day, a boy with a large bunch of toy balloons passed by.

8. "Shall I get a balloon for you, Tiny?" he asked.

9. "O, yes, please, Mr. Ray," she said, smiling.

10. "Wait a minute," he said, taking the bunch of balloons from the boy's hand. "You are such a mite of a girl, that I think all these balloons can lift you up."

11. As he spoke, he untied the silk scarf which she wore, fastened it to the balloons and then tied the scarf round her waist again. "Would you like a ride, Tiny?"

12. "O, yes, please."

13. "Then fly away, little golden-haired maiden," said Mr. Ray, lifting her from her feet, to see if the balloons would hold her.

14. "Ha-ha, Thistle-down, how well you fly!" said he, stepping back, that she might go up a little way.

15. Just then, a gust of wind swept by, and pushed the balloons out of his reach.

16. "Tiny! Tiny!" he cried, springing up and reaching toward the little foot, now above his head.

17. "My balloons! my balloons!" said the boy, who thought only of the money which he might lose.

18. And then another cry was heard. It came from the lips of Amy's mother. She had missed her child, and, upon coming out to search for her, saw a crowd of people looking up. There, above the houses, was the little form floating away!



19. Word was sent to Amy's papa; but, before he could reach his home, the child had floated far out over the lake.

LESSON XXXIV.

island	toward	apron	angel
island	toward	apron	angel
island	toward	apron	welcome
island	enough	apron	welcome
island	enough	apron	welcome

AMY'S BALLOON RIDE. II.

1. "My pet is lost!" he moaned, as he watched Amy floating farther and farther away.

2. "The island! the island!" cried a voice. "She has gone toward the island!"

3. The island was quite a distance from the shore; but, in an instant, seven boats were launched and filled with people who rowed toward it.

4. Mr. Ray pushed out the first skiff. He helped Amy's papa in, and pulled for the island. "I can never forgive myself for this," he said, as he looked into the white face of the poor father, who sat by his side.

5. Nothing could be seen on the island but tall trees; but, as the skiff touched the land, there stood little Amy, smiling a welcome to her papa and Mr. Ray!



6. "What was my darling doing?" asked papa, after he had folded her in his arms and kissed her, again and again.

7. "Picking shells for mamma," she said, holding out her apron to show how many she had found.

8. "Was not my little Amy afraid?" asked Mr. Ray, lifting her in his arms and clasping her tightly, as though he feared she might float away again.

9. "No; I had a nice ride over the tops of the houses and the trees. I went most up to Heaven, but not close enough to see the angels."

10. "*Almost* close enough, Thistle-down," said Mr. Ray, sadly. "But when you came down here, into this lonely place, what did you think?"

11. "Oh, I knew you would come for me. *You*

sent me up, and you knew I could not get back by myself. I have been looking for you ever since I lit."

12. "But where did you light? How did you get down?"

13. "Oh, Mr. White got me down. He is over there. He said that if you did not come for me, he would take me home."

14. As she spoke, a young man stepped from the shade of some trees close by.

15. He had been hunting on the island. When he saw the child in the air, he knew he could only save her by firing at the balloons. This he did. He fired two shots, hitting the balloons each time. Then Amy floated down into his arms.

16. The little girl was too young to know why mamma held her so close and cried so much, when she said, "My darling, darling child!"

17. "What makes you so sorry, mamma?" she asked.

18. "Mamma is not sorry, but glad that she has her pet in her arms once more."

**THE ROBIN.**

LESSON XXXV.

infant	passion	nerb	content
vacant	fashion	hour	perhaps
servant	passion	honest	although
pleasant	fashion	honest	tiresome
merchant	passion	hostler	buttercup

DISCONTENT.

1. Down in the field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.
2. A robin, who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup,
Who wished she were a daisy.
3. For daisies grow so trig and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

4. And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color;
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.
5. "Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying."
6. "You silly thing!" the robin said;
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.
7. "You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.
8. "Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

9. "Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."
-

LESSON XXXVI.

angel	jewel	many	lighter
cruel	towel	story	tighter
camel	gravel	bushy	brighter
kernel	vessel	pretty	almost
squirrel	tassel	country	although

FREDDIE'S SQUIRRELS.

1. Freddie is a bright little boy, six years old. He comes with his papa and mamma every summer to our home in the country. In front of the house, near the fence, stands a large elm tree, which is the home of many squirrels.

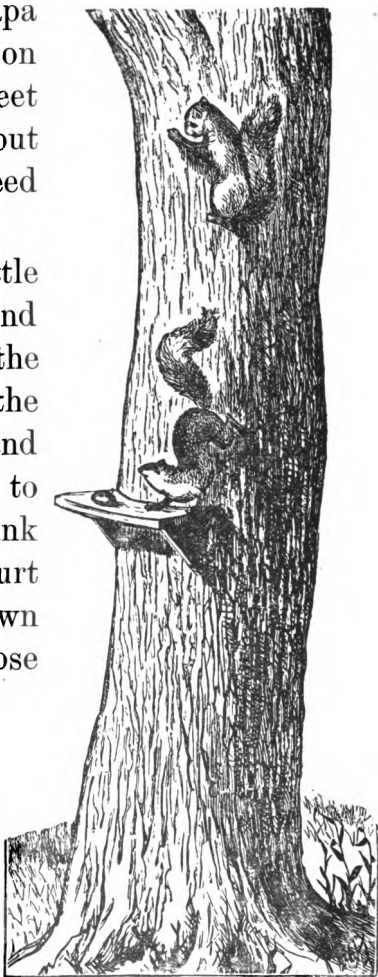
2. Freddie's papa will not shoot the squirrels, because he thinks it is cruel. And Freddie is such a kind-hearted boy that he would not hurt any thing that lives in the woods.

3. One day, his papa nailed a small shelf on a tree, about four feet from the ground. He put nuts on this shelf to feed the squirrels.

4. At first, the little fellows were shy, and would not come near the shelf. They sat on the branches of the tree, and seemed to be saying to each other, "Do you think that little boy would hurt us, if we should run down and take some of those nuts?"

5. After a while, they came down, one by one, took the nuts, and slipped back to the top branches.

6. These squirrels grew so tame that they did not mind us.



If we were only a few steps away, they would come right down to sit upon the shelf and eat.

7. One day, we put a small ear of sweet corn upon the shelf. Pretty soon a little squirrel came after it. He found it too heavy to carry away. So he sat down and ate off about half the kernels, to make it lighter; then, after trying many times, he climbed with it up to his hiding place.

8. We soon saw all the squirrels running to that part of the tree, which made us think he might be having a party in his best room.

9. There was a large pond not very far away. We often saw the squirrels go from tree to tree, jump a fence here and there, and run along a stone wall. From this they hopped down to the pond to get a drink.

10. We tried to tell them about a pet squirrel of which we had read; but they would not stop to hear us. They were too busy. If they only had waited, they might have learned something.

11. This pet squirrel lived near a pond. He would jump on a floating chip, lift his bushy tail for a sail, and let the wind push him along.

12. I am not sure that it was a true story; but I do think squirrels are smart enough to do almost anything.

LESSON XXXVII.

lesson	stoutly	tumble	real
sermon	brightly	cuddle	real
Harmon	twenty	settle	beauty
Landon	groaning	wooden	skillful
button	moaning	children	beautiful

NOTHING TO GIVE.

1. "I almost wish I had not heard that sermon about the sick children. I do so want to help them and I can't."

2. "Why can't you?" asked Harmon Noyes, kindly. He was walking home from church with his little sister, Madge.

3. "O, don't you see?" said Madge, sadly. "I never have any money. I know," she added, quickly, "that father does all he can for us, but sometimes—"

4. "Mr. Landon said that those who had not money might give time, Madge."

5. "Yes, but what could we do with our time, Harmon? We might go and nurse the children; but then, you see, they are so far away."

6. Harmon smiled. "I do not think they would let a little girl eight years old act as nurse. But, I'll tell you what we might do."

7. "O, brother, what?"

8. "We might make them some toys."

9. "But do sick children want toys?" asked Madge.

10. "Of course they do! You have never been ill, so I suppose you think that sick people do nothing but lie in bed all day, groaning and moaning. But I once went through a children's ward, and nearly all of them were able to play with toys."

11. "Well then," said Madge, brightly, "what shall we make? I can make a leather ball."

12. "You can dress a doll, can't you?" asked Harmon.

13. "Yes, but I have no doll, brother."



14. "I'll make one," said Harmon, promptly. "A beauty, that won't break if it tumbles off a bed twenty times a day."

15. "Will you, Harmon? O, that will be grand! A doll would be something worth sending."

16. Harmon kept his word. He was quite a good carver, and he made a beautiful doll out of a piece of smooth, white wood.

17. Then a box of paints worked wonders with dolly's face, and *real hair* (some of Madge's own baby curls) was pasted on its tiny, wooden head.

18. "It's much nicer than any store doll," said Madge, "It is so good and strong."

19. When the doll was dressed in a long white frock and neat little cap, it did look very cunning. Just the sort of a baby, any little sick girl, rich or poor, would like to cuddle up close to her in bed.

20. So, in this way, Madge learned the lesson that those who wish to give will find a way.

21. Have you, too, found that way, little reader?

LESSON XXXVIII.

seven	clover	turtle	marsh-mary
given	money	purple	cuckoo-pint
heaven	lesson	velvet	columbine
hidden	clapper	linnet	marsh-mary
forgiven	wrapper	linnet	columbine

**SEVEN TIMES ONE.**

1. There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.
2. I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better,—
They are only one times one.
3. O, moon, in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;

You were bright; ah, bright! but your light is
failing,—

You are nothing now but a bow.

4. You moon, have you done something wrong
in heaven,

That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

5. O, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,

You've powdered your legs with gold;

O, brave marsh-mary buds, rich and yellow,

Give me your money to hold!

6. O, columbine, open your folded wrapper,

Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!

O, cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper

That hangs in your clear green bell!

7. And show me your nest, with the young ones
in it;

I will not steal them away;

I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—

I am seven times one to-day.

LESSON XXXIX.

wagon	happen	George	Ralph
dragon	pressed	saint	Ralph
quietly	happened	asked	Ralph
really	impressed	passion	Rhoda
happily	whispered	mission	Rhoda

KILLING THE DRAGON.

1. A little five-year-old boy was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister. The next day, he said to his father: "Father, I want to be a saint."

2. "Very well, Ralph," said his father; "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

3. "I don't mind," said Ralph. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"

4. "So you shall, my boy."

5. "But when can I be one?" asked the child.

6. "You can be one to-day," said his father.



7. "But where is the dragon?"
8. "I will tell you when he comes out."
9. So the boy ran off to play with his sister.
10. In the course of the day, some gifts came for the two children. Ralph's was a book, and his sister Rhoda's a lovely doll. Now, Ralph was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls. When he found that his sister had what he thought was a much nicer gift than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

11. His father, who happened to be there, said, quietly: "Now, Ralph, the dragon is out."

12. The child stopped crying, and looked quickly around the room, and then up at his father's face, but said nothing.

13. That evening, when he bade his father good night, he whispered, "Papa, I am very glad Rhoda has the doll. I *did* kill the dragon."

LESSON XL.

talent	ladies	quiet	seldom
parent	daisies	basket	blossom
fervent	pansies	bonnet	murmur
present	skyward	lifted	suddenly
moment	explain	uplifted	explaining

BABY THANKFUL.

1. Roaming in the meadow,
Little four-year-old
Picks the starry daisies,
With their hearts of gold.



2. Fills her snowy apron;
Fills her dimpled hands;
Suddenly, how quiet
In the grass she stands.
3. "Who made flowers so pretty?
Put them here? Did God?"

I, half heeding, answer
With a careless nod.

4. Dropping all her blossoms,
With uplifted head,
Fervent face turned skyward—
“Thank you, God,” she said.

5. Then, as if explaining,
Though no word I spake—
“Always must say, ‘Thank you,’
For the things I take.”

6. O, my little preacher,
Clad in robes of praise,
Would we all might copy
Baby Thankful's ways.

7. Time to fret and murmur,
We could never make,
Should we first say, “Thank you,”
For the things we take.





LESSON XLI.

darling	city	head	anger
morning	tiny	plead	longer
evening	jolly	open	tingle
trembling	happy	even	single
hanging	pretty	taken	mingle

A CHILD'S WISH.

1. "Please stay with Baby Dear, papa!"
2. Baby Dear's little lip was trembling, and his great, brown eyes were full of big, round tears.

3. What a tiny mite he seemed to be beside his tall papa! Why, he hardly reached up to his hand.

4. It was a winter night, and papa had just taken his fur coat and hat from the rack.

5. Baby Dear knew what that meant, always. It meant a long, quiet time, alone with mamma by the fire.

6. Then, when the tired eyes could keep open no longer, nurse must come and carry the sleepy little one to bed.

7. And, in the morning, before he was dressed, or even awake, this dear papa would have left home again for a whole day.

8. Can you wonder at Baby Dear for wishing to keep papa in the evening?

9. O, how happy they were when he did stay at home! How bright and young the pretty mamma's face grew! What jolly rides Baby Dear took through the halls on top of papa's curly head!

10. "Please stay with Baby Dear, papa!" pleaded the sad little voice.

11. "Not to-night, darling. Papa must go back to the city for a few hours. He leaves mamma in his brave boy's care."

12. Baby Dear stood still and tried hard not to cry. He longed to be a "brave boy;" but when papa thrust his arms into his great coat and drew it closely around him as if he loved it, Baby Dear could not bear it.

13. "O, papa," he sobbed, "I wish I was your coat!"

14. "You wish you were my coat?" said papa. "Why?"

15. "'Cause then I'd be wrapped 'round you so close you couldn't get away from me."

16. This was too much for papa. His hat and coat were hanging on the rack before you could count three, and then what a romp they had!

17. What funny shadows papa made on the walls with his hands; what fine games of hide-and-seek they played; and, best of all, what sweet songs mamma sang for them!

18. After that night, Baby Dear seldom had cause to wish that he was "papa's coat."

LESSON XLII.

copied	studies	sullen	repeat
pitied	copies	written	defeat
carried	cities	children	content
tarried	pities	tempter	problems
emptied	empties	lingers	problems

NEVER GIVE UP.

1. Here's a charm for you, children. At study
or work,
It is something I wish you to test.
I would it were written in letters of gold,
Till it shone, like a flame, on each breast.
It is eight little words I would have you
to know,
When the tempter, "Give up," lingers nigh;
Just whisper them over wherever you go:—
"I will never give up, but will try."
2. When the problems are hard and you long to
be out
With the girls, on the greensward, at play,

Don't turn from your lessons, or throw down
your slates,

Or haste from your duties away.

Don't pout or look sullen, or take up your
tasks,

With a frown as your school-mates troop by,
But just say this over, again and again,
“*I will not give up, but will try.*”

3. The good and the great, and the strong of the
land,

Are never content to stand still.

There are always a few who have climbed to
the top,

But crowds at the foot of the hill.

Don't wait with the many, but mount with
the few,

No matter how steep or how high;
And these are the words that will carry you
through:

“*I will never give up, but will try.*”



LESSON XLIII.

surgeon	corn-stalk	turned	plaster
pigeon	half-built	helped	matter
surgeon	water-pipe	stepped	number
pigeon	understood	watched	doubled
surgeon	gentleman	happened	troubled

THE SURGEON BIRD.

1. Two birds were building a nest under a study window. A gentleman sat in that study every day.

2. He watched the birds. They were building their nest of clay. They brought round bits of wet clay in their bills. They stuck these bits upon the wall.

3. Right in the middle of their work, something happened. One of the birds stepped on a piece of broken glass and cut its foot very badly.

4. The other bird looked at it and seemed to be much troubled. Then it turned around

and gave three loud, strange cries. Soon a number of birds came flying to see what was the matter.

5. A little surgeon bird came with them. It looked like the others, but soon showed that it was a surgeon.

6. Bringing a bit of wet clay in its bill, it ground it fine with its own little beak and spread it on the bird's sore, stiff foot, just as a surgeon spreads a plaster.

7. Then, picking up a long, green corn-stalk, which lay near, the surgeon bird flew up on the tin water-pipe under the window.

8. One end of the corn-stalk was near the lame bird. It understood what to do; for, taking hold of the stalk with its bill, it helped itself up on the water-pipe, too.

9. Then the surgeon bird helped the lame bird into the half-built nest.

LESSON XLIV.

hymn	leaflet	frolic	urge
column	elsewhere	murmur	prayer
solemn	anywhere	frolicked	behold
autumn	everywhere	whispered	rustling
autumn	everywhere	murmured	fluttering



HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

1. I'll tell you how the leaves came down:
The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown;
Yes; very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."
2. "Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."
3. So, just for one more merry day,
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among:
4. "Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

5. "Come, children, all to bed," he cried ;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.
6. I saw them ; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.
7. The great bare Tree looked down and smiled :
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said ;
And from below, each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed."
-

LESSON XLV.

fasten	gristle	fagot	coffee
hasten	bristle	pivot	coffee
chasten	thistle	ballot	coffee
moisten	wrestle	carrot	backward
christen	whistle	parrot	downward

WILL'S LETTER.

Rose Hill, Ia., Nov. 1, 1889.

Brother Ned:—

The first thing I shall write about is grandfather's parrot, Polly, as they call her. I wonder why so many parrots are called Polly. Do you know?



This Polly is quite young. She is learning to talk, though, very fast.

The evening we came, grandfather wanted an early supper.

"Please tell Ellen to hurry," he said to grandmother. Ellen is the cook.

"Hurry up, Ellen!" sang out Polly, as grandmother rose to leave the room.

"I'll tell her you say so, Polly," said grandmother.

"All right! all right!" cried the bird; and then she laughed until the room rang.

I asked grandfather how she knew when to use just the right words.

He told me that "All right" and "Hurry up" were two of her pet sayings.

Before Aunt Lily came, grandmother had taught Polly to say: "Glad to see you, Lily. Shake hands."

Just think how funny it seemed to aunty, when, in answer to her "How do you do, Polly?" the bird, turning round, cried out: "Glad to see you, Lily. Shake hands."

If you were to pass this house any morning, you would see Polly swinging from her perch, head downward, and calling out, in her shrill voice:

"O, Ellen! O, grandmother! O, Polly! Halloo! Halloo! Halloo!"

She is a good singer, too. One of her songs begins in this way:

"O, pretty Polly, don't you cry!

Your true love will come by and by."

Often, she turns her song into a whistle, and her whistle into a laugh.

Sometimes, when we are talking, she grows so noisy that grandmother has to throw a cloth over her cage. Then she is still, because she thinks it is night.

I do so much wish to catch her asleep! I got up early this morning and slipped into the sitting room where her cage was hung, but she was too quick for me.

"Halloo! Shake hands. Glad to see you," she said.

She sings loudest when she is upside down. To-day, while she was shrieking, "Oh, grandmother," at the top of her voice, I went in to look at her.

She was hanging by her feet, her head almost touching the floor of her cage.

I asked her how she felt in such a fix as that.

She laughed aloud and said, "All right. Polly all right."

She eats crackers and eggs and drinks coffee. One day, I gave her a piece of boiled carrot, but she did not like it.

I'll write you about other things next time, Ned. Polly is so very funny, I thought you would like to hear about her first.

Your brother,
Will.

P. S.—Please feed my white mice every day.
W.

LESSON XLVI.

pivot	gathers	busy	kindness
parrot	withers	forty	firmness
scissors	crackers	noisy	goodness
scissors	feathers	fleshy	hundred
scissors	dealers	firmlly	hundred

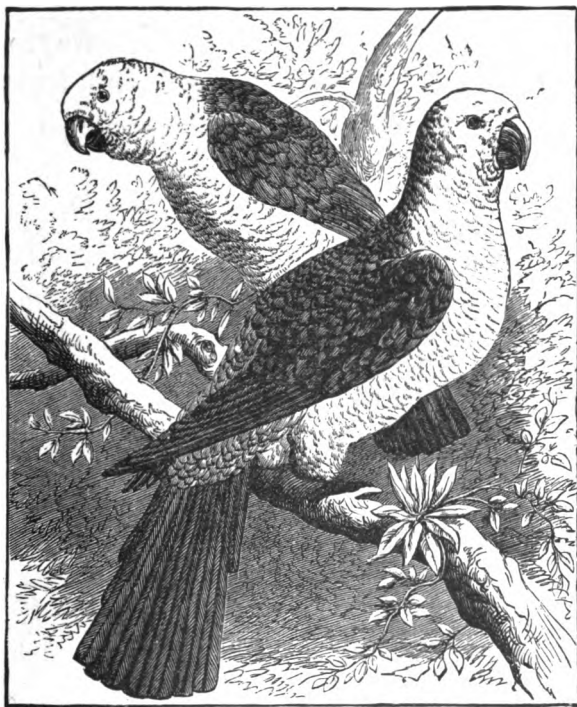
PARROTS.

1. Did you ever watch the parrots in a bird dealer's shop? If so, you know how these birds climb and how noisy they sometimes are.

2. If you will look closely at their feet, you will see that two of the four toes are turned to the front and two toward the back. This gives them great power of grasping anything.

3. Give a parrot a plum, a nut or a small apple, and it will hold it firmly in its claw. Its beak is very strong, and so formed that the short lower jaw fits into the upper one.

4. When it moves its jaws they act something



like a pair of scissors. This beak helps the parrot in climbing and in cracking nuts.

5. Other birds have thin tongues, but the parrot's tongue is thick and fleshy.

6. There are many kinds of parrots. They have feathers of every color. Their wings are

not well suited for flying. Still, they often live in flocks and sometimes fly very far away.

7. These wild parrots eat seed and fruit, and are very fond of clear water, both for drinking and bathing.

8. Some bird dealers do not give their parrots water. They say these birds will not drink it. This is cruel. They can do without water for a long time; but, in their wild state, they live near streams and pools and drink often, although not a great deal at a time.

9. Parrots live about forty years; though some have been known to live to be a hundred years old.

10. If you own one of these gayly dressed birds, treat it with care and kindness, so that it may live a long time.

LESSON XLVII.

nature	classes	closet	pleasure
future	nurses	market	treasure
picture	pieces	workers	Africa
feature	female	builders	Africa
creature	female	kitchens	Africa

THE ANT HILL.

1. What is George looking at? An ant hill. How busy the little creatures are! Are they playing? No, they are not idly running here and there after nothing. They have a work to do. They are doing it with all their might.

2. There are three classes of ants—males, females and workers. The males and females have white wings. They walk around among the workers, and sometimes try to run away.

3. We once saw one try to get away, but two workers took him by the wings and marched him back.

4. The workers are the builders, market-men and nurses.

5. The white ants, which live in Africa, build very high houses—higher than a man.

6. Our red and yellow field ants build under the ground. If you could take off the top of an ant-hill, you would find bed-rooms, halls, kitchens and closets. These are built very snug, strong and warm.

7. Ants are busy little creatures. Nurses must be kept very busy, where there are hundreds of little babies to take care of.

8. These baby ants do not look like ants at all. They look like small grains of rice or wheat. They must all be fed and kept warm.

9. When it is too cool in the house, they are taken out and laid in the sun. When it becomes too warm or too cold out-of-doors, they are carried back.

10. It is amusing to watch the nurses tending their little treasures. As the babies grow bigger, it must be very hard work; but these kind creatures seem to take pleasure in caring for them.

11. Going to market for so many is not a small matter. I once saw an ant walk up to a piece of apple and look closely at it on all sides. Then it ran back and brought four ants to help it bear the heavy load.

12. They sawed the piece of apple in two. Three took one of the pieces and two the other and pulled them home.

13. The Bible tells idle, lazy people to go to the ant and watch how it works. If they will do this, they will learn that these happy little creatures are always busy.

LESSON XLVIII.

lulled	parted	lullaby	sickness
rocked	started	despise	darkness
pressed	blinded	deprive	weakness
clasped	minded	grateful	sweetness
dimmed	unkind	ungrateful	greatness

MY MOTHER.

1. Who clasped me to her gentle breast
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?
My mother.
2. Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
And kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

3. Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay
And taught me many a merry play,
And minded all I had to say?

My mother.

4. When sickness dimmed my sparkling eye,
Who was it sang a lullaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?

My mother.

5. And can I ever dare to be
Ungrateful or unkind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,

My mother?

6. No; He who dwells above the skies
Would look with anger in His eyes,
If I should ever dare despise

My mother.

7. When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My strong right arm shall be thy stay,
And I will wipe thy tears away,

My mother.

LESSON XLIX.

quiet	deceive	Vermont	Jacko
jacket	receive	mistress	collie
reason	believe	naughty	collie
season	relieve	naughty	calla
lesson	receive	mountains	calla

JACKO.

1. Jacko was a collie dog which lived among the mountains of Vermont.

2. Mrs. Cole, his mistress, bought him when he was only five weeks old—a dear little baby dog, with bright eyes and a white face, just as you see it in the picture.

3. Jacko grew up to be a very smart dog. He could run and jump and climb. He did some things that would have been naughty, if he had been old enough to know better.

4. His mistress was never harsh to him. When he did wrong, she talked to him in a quiet way and said, "No, no, Jacko."



5. She had been told that it spoiled a dog's temper to be cross to him. I think she must have trained him like a child.

6. When Jacko was one year old—that is as old for a dog as eight years is for a boy or girl—he was very good, and tried hard to please his mistress.

7. Though it may seem strange to be said of a dog, Jacko always *told the truth*; he never tried to deceive his mistress.

8. One day, when he was left alone, to take care of the house, he put his paws on the window-sill to look out. In doing so, he pushed over a lovely calla.

9. Its leaves were broken and the dirt was spilled upon the floor.

10. When Mrs. Cole came back, Jacko met her at the door, and taking her wrist in his large mouth, led her to where the broken calla lay.

11. Of course, she was very sorry about her plant, but greatly pleased to think that her dog had told her about it.

12. She patted him on the head and said, "Never mind, Jacko, it will grow again."

13. Jacko was very fond of babies. He liked little girls most. He would let them pull his hair, lay their hands upon him, and do whatever they liked.

14. Sometimes they were quite rough in their play, but Jacko did not seem to mind it.

15. He liked little boys while they wore dresses or kilts; but just as soon as they put on trousers, they had to coax him a great deal to get him to play with them at all.

16. I have seen *other* dogs that liked girls most. The reason, I think, is that little boys tease them more than little girls do. What do you think about it?

LESSON L.

talking	never	guess	ought
walking	mother	there	fought
window	mirror	front	sought
narrow	mirror	touch	thought
borrow	mirror	laugh	brought



BABY'S THOUGHTS.

1. I'm a very little baby,
 Little face, and hands and feet;
And my mother says she never
 Saw a baby half so sweet.
It is nice to hear them talking
 In that way, but I can see,
Oh, a lot of little babies
 Who all look and laugh like **me**.
2. When I look out of the window
 There's a baby in the glass,
And he waves his hand as I do
 To the people as they pass;
When I put out hands to touch him
 And to pat him on the cheek,
He will look and act as I do,
 But he'll never, never speak.
3. There's a baby in the mirror,
 There's a baby in the spoon,
And there's one in front of mother
 When we play a little tune.

These are very funny babies;
Where I go they always come,
But I never hear them talking,
So I guess they're deaf and dumb.

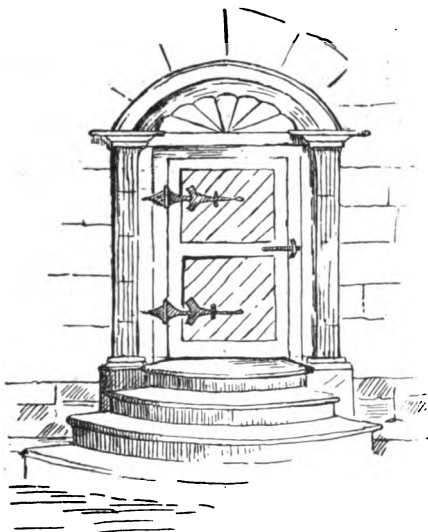
LESSON LI.

leisure	precious	ugly	forget
leisure	gracious	truly	guard
treasure	precious	unbar	sloth
pleasure	gracious	foolish	fierce
measure	precious	stranger	heart

GUARD THE DOOR.

1. Look at that closed door. How thick the wood is! How heavy the hinges are! What large bolts it has, and what a strong, iron lock! Surely, there must be precious things in that house.

2. Bolts and bars and locks would not be needed if we had no treasures to guard. We should not need them, even then, if there were no thieves in the world.



3. You may call your heart a house, dear child. Bad, ugly things often try to break in. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

4. Who is at the door? Ah, I know him. It is *Anger*. What a frown there is on his face! How fierce his looks are! How loud he knocks! Bolt the door, quick, my child. I am sure you do not wish to let *him* in.

5. Who is this? It is *Pride*. How she seems to look down on everything! How she tosses her head and curls her lip! No, no, Miss. We

have no time to waste on such foolish folks. You shall not get in here.

6. Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace, we think we know him. It is *Sloth*. He would like nothing better than to live at leisure in your house and sleep and yawn the days away. Be off, you idle fellow! Work is pleasure, and we have much to do. You shall never make your home with *me*.

7. But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is *Love*. How happy she will make us if we let her in! Come in, come in. We will unbar the door for you.

8. Oh, if children would guard the doors of their hearts, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and out as they do.

9. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad. Keep guard. Watch well the door of your heart.

10. "Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease,
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these,
'I thank you, sir,' and 'If you please.'"

LESSON LII.

careless	John	carry	action
sleepless	Jane	ferry	seldom
noiseless	George	merry	ashamed
priceless	James	bury	covered
thoughtless	Jack	sorry	answered

THE NAILS IN THE POST.

1. There was once a man who had a son, named John. This boy was apt to be careless about doing what he was told to do.

2. One day, his father said to him, "John, you are so careless and thoughtless, that every time you do wrong, I shall drive a nail into this post, to remind you of your faults; and every time you do right, I shall draw one out."

3. His father did as he said he would. Every day, he had to drive one or more nails into the post, but he very seldom drew one out.



4. At last, when John saw that the post was quite covered with nails, he began to be ashamed of having so many faults. He said, "I can be a better boy, and I *will*."

5. The next day, he was so good that three nails were drawn out; the day after, it was the same; and so on, for a long time, until, at last, there was but one nail left in the post.

6. "Look, John," said his father, "this is the very last nail, and now I am going to draw *it* out. Are you not glad?"

7. John looked at the post, but instead of being glad, he burst into tears. "Why, what is the matter, my son? I thought it would give you joy to know that all the nails are gone."

8. "It does, father," John answered, "but look! The *scars* are left."

9. "Yes, my son; even when we are sorry for our wrong acts and try to do right, the scars are left to remind us of our faults. This should teach you not to form bad habits, and then there will be neither scars nor nails to make you shed tears for your naughty actions."

LESSON LIII.

twenty	beside	bull-frog	rushy
piggies	reside	ker-chog	study
doggies	confide	likewise	nobly
froggies	replied	polished	surely
buggies	denied	teaching	surely

FROGS AT SCHOOL.

1. Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool,
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests, all white and clean.
2. "We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."
3. Master Bull-frog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

4. From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.
5. Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bull-frogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.
6. Polished in a high degree,
As each froggy ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

LESSON LIV.

dairies	godmother	diamond	woman
fairies	godmother	diamond	woman
prairies	godmother	diamond	woman
berries	carriage	diamond	pumpkin
cherries	marriage	diamond	pumpkin

PEARLS AND DIAMONDS. I.

1. You have all heard about fairies. I think you could tell me the name of the poor girl whose fairy godmother changed the pumpkin

into a fine carriage, and the rags she wore into a lovely silk dress.

2. I will now tell you about the good deeds of another fairy godmother.

3. A long time ago, a widow lived in a small house on the border of the woods. She had two daughters. The elder was rude and selfish, and always wanted to have her own way about every thing.

4. The younger daughter was not at all like her sister. She was so gentle and kind, that she was loved by every one who knew her. She had to work hard in the kitchen all day; yet she never lost her temper, or was known to say a cross word.



5. One of her tasks was to bring water, twice a day, from a fountain more than a mile away from her home.

6. One day, just as she had filled her pitcher, an old woman came to her and asked her for a drink.

7. "Yes, indeed, you may have one. Let me hold the pitcher to your lips, for it is heavy," said Rose, in her low, sweet voice.

8. When the poor old woman had finished drinking, she said, "Thank you, my dear. Since you are so kind and speak so gently, you shall have a gift of great value. Every time you speak, there shall drop from your lips a pearl or a diamond."

9. As soon as she had said this, she melted away, as all fairies do. She had dressed herself in that way, just to see if the little girl was gentle and kind.

10. When Rose reached her home, her mother asked why she had stayed so long.

11. "I beg your pardon, mother. I am very sorry," she said, meekly. "I stopped to give a poor old woman a drink."

12. As she spoke, there fell from her lips two pearls and three diamonds.

13. "What do I see?" cried her mother. "My child, that woman was a fairy!"

14. Then Rose told her what had been said at the fountain. While she spoke, pearls and diamonds kept dropping from her mouth.

LESSON LV:

instead	perhaps	action	grieve
withered	purpose	section	queen
gathered	because	friction	soothe
smothered	pitcher	suction	pearls
alighted	alighted	auction	punish

PEARLS AND DIAMONDS. II.

1. "How grand this is! We shall be rich," said the mother, as she gathered the stones. "Fanny," she called, "come and see what has dropped from your sister's mouth. Go to the fountain at once; and when a poor, old woman asks you for a drink, hold up your pitcher and tell her how pleased you are to give it."

2. "I do not wish to go," said the proud girl. "I do not care to be a servant to any one."

3. "But you *must* go, Fanny. You shall obey me in this."

4. Then Fanny went. She took the best silver pitcher, instead of the brown one. When she reached the fountain, the poor, old woman was not there. But soon, a lady, richly dressed, came out of the woods and asked the girl to give her a drink.

5. This was the same fairy who had come as an old woman to Rose; but, of course, Fanny did not know this.

6. "I did not come here to draw water for other people," the proud girl said in a cross tone. "Perhaps you think this silver pitcher was brought here on purpose for you to drink from."

7. "You are not very civil," said the fairy, "and since you have not treated me with kindness, as your sweet sister did, *you* shall have a gift to punish you. Every time you speak, there shall drop from your mouth a viper or a toad."

8. Then she melted away, just as she had done before, and Fanny went back home, very sullen and angry.

9. Her mother, who had been watching for her, ran to meet her. "Well, daughter," she said.

10. "Well, mother," Fanny answered, and, as she spoke, a toad and a viper fell from her mouth.

11. Fanny felt so badly that she thought she must blame some one, so she told Rose it was all *her* fault.

12. Poor Rose, in great fear, ran out of the house and into the woods. There she sat down to weep; she was so grieved to have her sister angry with her.

13. The king's son, who had been out hunting, came that way. He saw that the poor girl was in trouble. He alighted from his horse and asked her why she wept.

14. As Rose answered him in her gentle voice, pearls and diamonds fell from her lips; but he did not care for these. He felt sorry to see tears in her bright eyes, and tried to soothe her.

15. He thought he had never met a girl who was so sweet and gentle, and when he learned that she was always kind, he told her that he wished to make her his queen.

16. So Rose grew very rich, as diamonds and pearls are worth a great deal. In a short time, she became a queen, and went to live in a castle, —all because of her kind words and her gentle actions.

LESSON LVI.

maiden	know	indeed	bonny
dresses	knew	repeat	angry
cooling	knit	herself	hungry
pleasant	knife	disobey	maybe
slippers	knives	disobey	perhaps

THE BUSY LITTLE MAIDEN.

1. I know a little maiden

Who can sweep and dust and sew;
Who can mend her little dresses,
And tie a pretty bow.

Who can give the thirsty window plants
A cooling drink each day;
Who can smile and look as pleasant
When at work as when at play.

2. She brings papa his dressing-gown,
And warms his slippers well;
She lays the plates and knives and forks,
And rings the supper bell.
She keeps herself, her books, her toys
So tidy and so neat;
Indeed, one half the good she does
I can not here repeat.
3. Yet, I am told, there are some things
This maiden does not do.
She does not say an angry word,
Or one that is not true.
She does not frown when called to tend
Her little baby brother;
And, best of all, she does not dare
To disobey her mother.
4. Perhaps you know a little girl
So like my bonny lass,

That I might think her face the same,
Framed in a looking-glass.
And maybe, too, this darling child,
So gentle, kind and true,
Who always does what she is told,
Well—maybe she is *you*!

LESSON LVII.

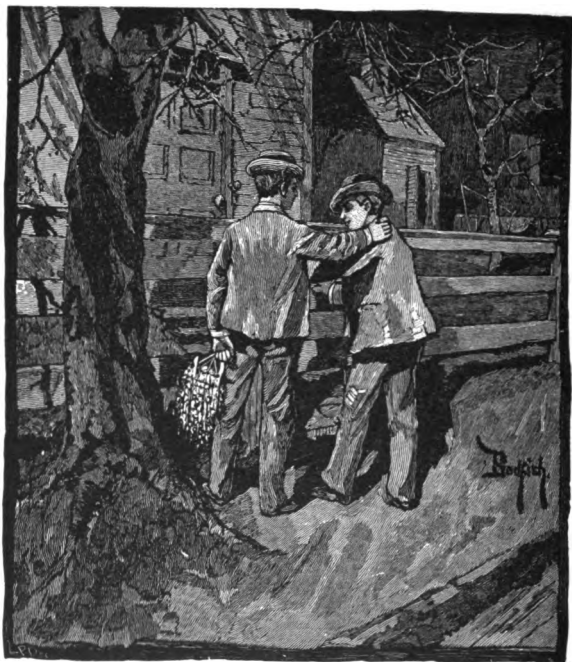
silent	lesson	verge	coachman
parent	poison	danger	coachman
present	second	ranger	gentleman
certain	second	manger	gentleman
curtain	second	stranger	gentleman

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT.

1. Two boys were talking together. "Would that be wrong, John?" said one. "I don't know," was the answer.

2. "What do you *think*? Do you think it would be wrong?" "I don't know," was still the answer.

3. "Well, *I* don't think it would be wrong, and I mean to do it."



4. "What is it, boys?" asked a stranger, who chanced to hear them talking.

5. Both were silent. They did not care to tell.

6. "Do not tell me, if you do not wish to do so. But if there is a doubt about its being right, don't *dare* to do it. If you are not certain that you are on right ground, you may be certain that you ought to leave it. You are safe as long as you keep away from wrong, whatever else you do.

7. "Learn a lesson from this story, which I heard long years ago:—

8. "A gentleman wished to hire a coachman. Three men asked for the place; but he wished to test them before he made his choice.

9. "He took them to a narrow road, which ran close to the verge of a deep ditch, and asked how near to the edge they could drive without danger.

10. "The first said he could drive within a few inches. The second said he could drive nearer still. But the third said, 'I should not drive near it at all. I should keep just as far away as I could.'

11. "'You are the coachman I want,' said the gentleman, 'the one whom I can trust. I do not wish to be driven into danger, but away from it.'

12. "And so, my boys, learn while you are young to keep away from wrong. Do nothing that *may* be wrong. Would you taste the sweetest fruit, if told that there might be poison in it?"



LESSON LVIII.

circus	vacant	harness	pincers
circus	servant	harnessed	distance
actors	pleasant	punish	distance
actors	merchant	punished	carriage
victors	merchant	harnessed	darkness

THE FLEAS' CIRCUS. I.

1. It may be pleasant for the young pupils to hear something about the smallest circus in the world.



2. The actors in this circus are not men, but fleas.

3. This flea circus was shown some time ago, by a merchant who had trained two hundred fleas.

4. We all know how a flea can jump. When one is to be trained for a circus, the first thing he must learn is to jump just the right distance.

5. To teach him this, he is placed in a glass bottle, where he jumps until he feels tired. Every leap he makes brings his head against the glass, which hurls him back.

6. After many hard knocks, he makes up his mind not to jump again.

7. He is then ready to join the band. He is daily harnessed with other fleas, and taught to draw a small carriage. It is a strange sight to watch the little fellows drawing their coach along.

8. The circus which I saw was held upon a table of the size and shape of a dinner plate.

9. A rim, about three inches high, ran around the outer edge. Upon this rim stood a number of small wooden boxes. These were the houses for the fleas and their carriages.

10. The circus could be seen by only one person at a time. The merchant asked me to look through a glass. This glass made the fleas look as large as wasps.

11. At a word from the merchant, a tiny trap-door in one of the houses flew open, and a number of fleas marched out. Each had a gold cord around his waist. They ran around the circle as you have seen horses do in a circus. This was their grand entry.

12. Five fleas stepped from another house,



tumbled about for awhile, and then started to rush around the circle. When half way round, they began to move in order; yet, each tried to outrun the other.

13. A large flea would have won the race, had not two, who were behind, taken a leap and landed beyond the winning post.

14. As this was against the rules, they were punished. They were taken up with pincers and dropped into a dark bottle.

15. After this race, a large flea drew some water from a well. A tiny pail was tied to a thread. This thread ran over a wheel. The flea took hold of the thread with his claws, lowered the pail, and drew it up again. The pail could not have held more than a drop of water.

LESSON LIX.

hurdle	joy	order	unfair
purple	enjoy	under	unkind
bottle	enjoyed	lower	dancers
clawed	destroy	lowered	backward
twirled	destroyed	lowered	forward

THE FLEAS' CIRCUS. II.

1. The next thing in order was a dance.
2. The dancers came out of the third house in full dress. They wore purple, gold and red. They bobbed up and down, first on one claw, then on all six, bowing and scraping, moving backward and forward, and bouncing up and down until they seemed tired out.
3. Next came a coach race. Four fleas were harnessed to one coach; four were placed on top, and two sat inside.
4. The two which were inside were smaller than the rest. I suppose they were baby fleas. The other coaches had a steed and rider, and were drawn up side by side.

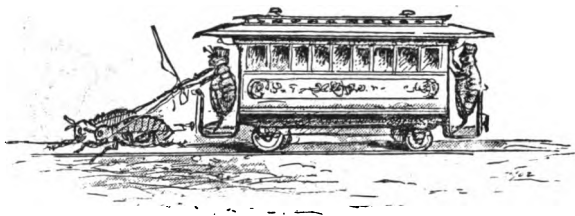
5. At the word from the merchant, they started off, pell-mell; and such a race I never saw before. The horses ran away, the riders fell out and would surely have had their heads broken, if they had not been fleas.

6. The next act was the best. Two pins were placed four inches apart, and a silver wire stretched from one to the other. Then the rope-walker was brought out in a small glass bottle. He was dressed in a thin paper jacket. He hopped upon the wire, and, as he walked along, his little clawed toes seemed just to fit it.

7. When he reached the middle of the wire, he twirled round and round and stood upon one leg; then he moved on and walked to the other end of the wire.

8. Next came a hurdle race. Hurdles of thin silver wire were brought out for the fleas to leap over. This they all did very nicely, except one. I do not know whether he was a very lazy or a very cunning flea; but this is what he did. He let the others jump, and then he crawled under the wire.

9. In this way he won the race; but, of course,



he had to be punished for acting in such a naughty, unfair way. He was shut up in a bottle and taken to one of the houses, where he had to stay, in darkness. This was a lesson for him, and at the next hurdle race, I think he will jump with the other fleas.

10. The last act was the drawing of a street car by fleas. The driver sat in front and held the reins, while the flea-horses trotted along and seemed to enjoy the fun.

LESSON LX.

truly	jewel	singed	Leigh
surely	travel	scorched	wonderful
coolly	traveled	shoulder	beautiful
Looly	jeweled	wandering	wonderful
11 Bolooly	travelers	wondering	beautiful



GOING TO CHINA.

1. Looly Bolooly and Billy Cum Bell,
One day, while wandering through the dell,
Came to a hole in the yielding sand,
That led straight downward to China-land.
2. Said Looly Bolooly, "I have no doubt
That we can dig down and find our way out.
My nursey has told me 'twould lead right down
And into the beautiful China-town."

3. "Suppose we go," said Billy Cum Bell;
"Just think of the stories that we could tell,
When we got back from our wonderful trip,
To the people who go in a stupid ship."
4. "Why, as to that," said Looly Boloo,
"I think I would like it as well as you."
So she took off her bonnet and threw it down.
All ready to dig through to China-town.
5. And Billy Cum Bell took off his hat;
So both were ready when he had done that;
And, shoulder to shoulder, and hand in hand,
They started downward to China-land.
6. Past where the roots of the grasses grow;
Past where the springs of the fountains flow;
Right through the rocks and sand and clay,
Our brave little travelers made their way.
7. They came to a bed of the purest gold;
But, oh! not half could their pockets hold.
They broke through a strange and darkish
crust
And sprinkled themselves with shining dust.

8. Their way led down through a city low,
Which an earthquake had swallowed long ago.
The king and the queen had turned to stone,
But their crowns were left, which the twain
put on.
9. The beds of lava were hot and thick,
But they held their breath and swam through
quick;
It singed their lashes and scorched their hair,
But not a straw did the swimmers care.
10. On, on, they went on their downward way,
Until, on a sultry, summer day,
Two travelers stood, each with jeweled
crown,
Right in the centre of China-town.
11. And the people shouted with wild delight;
Laughed and shouted with main and might;
And they built a beautiful golden throne,
Which the children knew was to be their own.
12. And there the children ruled at will,
And there they might have been ruling still

Had not the hour come round to sup,
When noisy Leigh came to wake them up.



13. Deep in the dell, when the sun went down,
Lay the king and the queen, without robe or
crown;
Both fast asleep, while a hole in the sand
Showed where they started for China-land.

LESSON LXI.

Eli	detain	careth	infant
Hannah	retain	calleth	vacant
Hannah	refrain	guideth	servant
Samuel	remain	heareth	pleasant
Samuel	complain	teacheth	merchant

LITTLE SAMUEL. 1.

1. Once, a long time ago, there lived a little boy named Samuel. His mother's name was Hannah. She was a good woman, and thanked the Lord, with a grateful heart, for everything He gave her.

2. When little Samuel was born, she said: "My son is only lent me to train for the Lord. He must live in His house and learn to serve Him." By this she meant that she would take him to the temple that he might there learn the Lord's will.

3. Although it was hard for this loving mother to be parted from her son, she felt it to be her duty, and did not complain.

4. She made him a little coat, and when all his clothes were ready, she took him up to the temple and left him with Eli, the priest.

5. The Lord was well pleased with this gift of her son, and, that Samuel might know that He watched over and cared for him, He talked to him, at night, when all was still.



6. Samuel did not understand, at first. He thought it was Eli, the priest, who had spoken; so he arose from his little bed and went to where Eli slept.

7. "Here am I," he said.

8. The priest told him that he had not called him. So Samuel lay down; but just as he was falling asleep, a voice said: "Samuel! Samuel!"

9. Again the child ran to Eli and said: "Here am I, for thou didst call me."

10. But the priest told Samuel that he had not called, so the child lay down again.

11. When the voice said, "Samuel" a third time, he arose and again went to Eli, saying, "Here I am, for thou *didst* call me."

12. Then the priest knew that the Lord had spoken, so he told Samuel to lie down again, and, when the call came, to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

LESSON LXII.

attend	packet	prophet	office
depend	pocket	prophet	lattice
defend	ticket	pamphlet	justice
descend	market	pamphlet	promise
pretend	cricket	pamphlet	promise

LITTLE SAMUEL. II.

1. So the child lay down; and when the voice called, Samuel answered, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

2. Then the Lord told him that he would watch over and bless him, all the days of his life.

3. Was not that a sweet promise? If you wish to feel that God cares for you, you must

give your heart to Him early, as Samuel did, and then you will be known as a child of God.

4. Samuel became great and wise. He was the prophet of Israel for many years. His story is told in this hymn, which I wish you to learn:

5. "When little Samuel woke
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke,
How much did he rejoice.
O, blessed, happy child, to find
The God of Heaven so near and kind!

6. "If God would speak to me
And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be,
How gladly I'd attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear
If God, my Maker, were so near.

7. "And does He never speak?
O, yes! for in His word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see,
The Friend of Samuel speaks to me."

LESSON LXIII.

coral	eleventh	promise	correct
coral	thirteenth	earned	connect
coral	fourteenth	practice	expect
Farral	fifteenth	necklace	defect
Farral	eighteenth	necklace	protect

PEARL'S NECKLACE.

1. When Pearl was ten years old, her papa told her that he wanted her to find out all she could about pearls. She could ask questions of her mother and teacher, and he would buy her books, he said, from which she could learn much.

2. He was not to ask her any questions until her eleventh birthday, and then was to give her a pearl for every correct answer.

3. We had a busy little girl during that year. While reading about pearls, she found out a great deal about amber, coral and sponges. When her eleventh birthday came, her papa

asked questions enough to make a string of pearls. By this I mean that every correct answer gave her a pearl.

4. She had read and thought so much about things that are found in the sea, that her papa's questions did not puzzle her.

5. He told her that she had fairly earned her string of pearls, as he clasped it about her neck.

6. When the twins were born, her papa told Pearl that she might name them. She took three days to decide, and then said she should like to have her little sisters named Amber and Coral.

7. He told her she could have her wish if she



would promise to write a paper for each of the twins; one about amber and the other about coral.

8. Pearl said it would please her to do this, and that she would keep these papers until her sisters were old enough to read.

9. On their fourth birthday, she gave her papers to her papa to read. Mr. Farral said that no little girl of fourteen years could have done better.

10. As soon as he had read them, he placed in her hands an amber and a coral necklace, saying, "These are for the twins, from the little girl who named them."

11. I think that the little boys and girls who read this book would like to know what Pearl wrote for the twins. If so, they can find out by reading the lessons that follow.

LESSON LXIV.

amber	ocean	pieces	postman
lumber	ocean	nieces	fisherman
lumber	caught	depth	gentleman
number	taught	length	lumberman
slumber	caught	breadth	husbandman

AMBER.

1. Amber is a stone found on the coast of the North Sea. When a great storm comes up, the amber is carried to the shore by a kind of sea-weed.

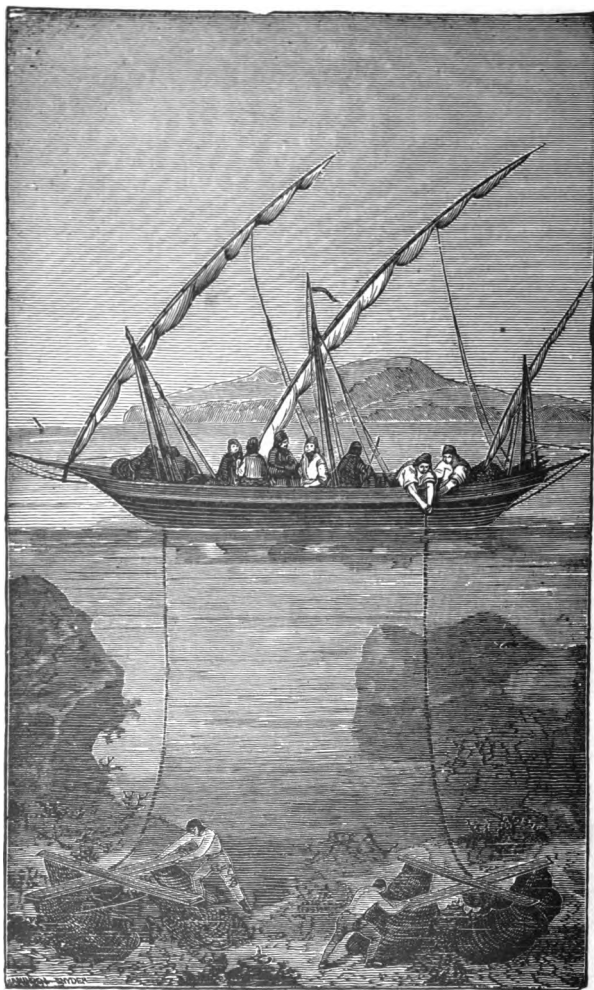
2. The fishermen say that the storm must last three days before pieces of amber will be washed ashore.

3. After a storm, the waves wash the sea-weed up, and then take it back again. It is carried back and forth by the waves until the tide goes out and leaves it upon the shore.

4. But the fishermen do not wait for the tide. They put on high boots, wade in, and catch the weed in nets.

5. The reward for all this work is very small; for the big pieces of amber stay at the bottom of the sea. It is only the small pieces that come in with the sea-weed. These are not worth very much.

6. When fishermen want large pieces, they go out in boats. They take with them long poles with teeth like pitchforks.



7. When the water is quiet and clear, the amber can be seen shining at the bottom of the sea. It is of a reddish brown. The boatmen bend over and look down until they can see it plainly. They then sink their long poles until the amber is caught by their teeth, when it is drawn up.

8. There is another way of getting amber from the ocean. This is done by diving. A diver is a man who puts on a rubber suit and goes to the bottom of the sea. This suit covers his body from head to foot.

9. His helmet is made of copper, and has small, glass windows in front and at the sides. Through these he can look for the amber. This is hidden among the other stones which cover the ground.

10. There are tubes fastened to the diving-bell which takes him down. Through these the fresh air reaches the diver. If he did not have fresh air he could not live at the bottom of the sea.

11. He stays in the water for three hours, and then he is pulled up to the boat. Here another

diver is waiting to put on the rubber suit and go down for more amber.

12. Sponge is gathered in the same way as you will see from the picture.

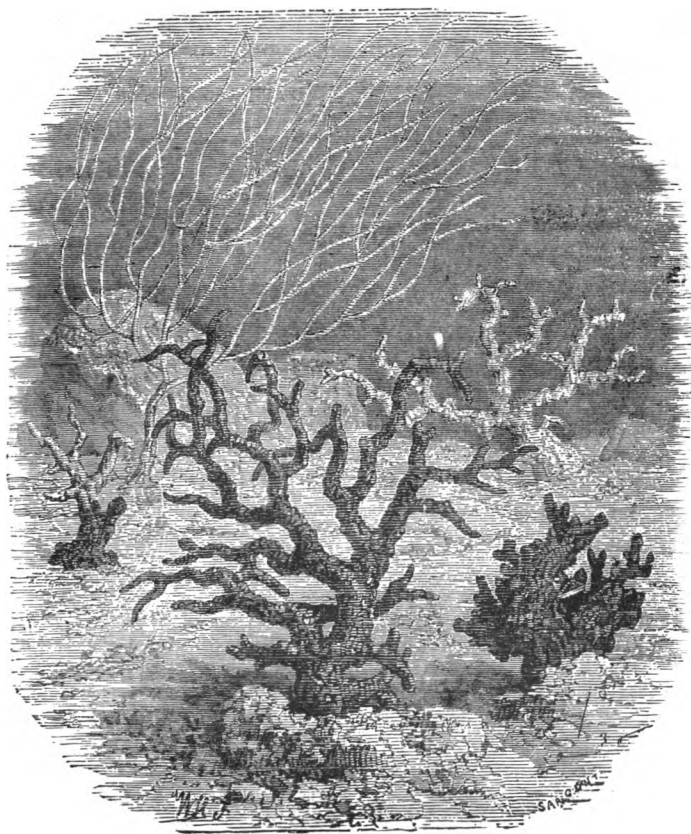
LESSON LXV.

coral	hundreds	workers	Naples
builders	thousands	sea-weed	chimney
cabbage	islands	sea-water	quarrel
lettuce	oceans	creature	million
lettuce	motion	breast-pin	trillion

CORAL AND CORAL MAKERS.

1. I have here tried to draw a picture of a branch of white coral, as it is seen under the water. Does it not look like the branch of a tree?

2. Each of the cups on the stem was once the home of a little coral builder. The lime which it drank in with the sea-water was used, grain by grain, to build a part of the body of this little creature.



3. Coral workers are not all alike. For this reason, the coral which they make differs in form and color.

4. Some is of a yellow color, while some is rose-pink or a dark red.

5. Some looks like a cluster of large leaves, rolled around each other like a head of cabbage, while the leaves of some are so curled that they look like lettuce.

6. Since I have read so much about these little fellows, and know how very small they are, I feel that I shall never say again that I am not large enough to do any thing.

7. It seems so strange when I read how large islands are made by them, and all *just a little at a time*.

8. Another thing is worth thinking about. These mites are always found together. This makes me think that they do not quarrel or find fault with one another. Sometimes there are millions of them on one island.

9. Men who go out to get coral are called coral fishers. On the coast of Naples there are many houses in which these men live. They have

boats like other fishermen. They go out and bring in the coral which they sell to merchants.

10. This is called precious coral. The merchants polish it and sell it to men who use it in making breastpins, rings and bracelets.

LESSON LXVI.

expose	crying	sunshine	doesn't
impose	walking	bravest	wasn't
compose	pouring	wisest	couldn't
dispose	moving	softest	wouldn't
suppose	loving	whatever	shouldn't

SUPPOSE.

1. Suppose, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head;
 Could you make it whole by crying
 Till your eyes and nose were red?
 And would it not be better
 To treat it as a joke,
 And say, "I'm glad 'twas dolly's
 And not *my* head that broke?"

2. Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down;
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And would it not be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?
3. Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get;
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And is it not, in every case,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?
-

LESSON LXVII.

gnat	write	truly	Julia
gnarl	wraps	lonely	Martha
knot	wrist	loosen	glasses
knit	Wray	mischief	friends
Knapp	Wright	mischief	afternoon



THE THREE GRANDMAS.

1. Mrs. Wright had been called away to see a sick friend, and grandma was left alone with little Julia.

2. The child was playing with her kitten. It was such a mite of a kitty that Julia had named it Gnat.



3. As grandma sat by the fire, knitting, her ball rolled off her lap. Gnat sprang from Julia's arms like a flash, and struck the ball with her little paw to keep it rolling.

4. "O, grandma!" cried Julia, "I've just thought of something. Mamma is gone and we are lonely. Let us have a tea-party this afternoon."

5. "Do you think there would be time for the mothers to get their little girls ready?" asked grandma, smiling.

6. "I don't want little girls. I want just four people,—grandma Wray, grandma Knapp, you and me. Let me run and tell them and ask them to bring their knitting. Please say yes!"

7. "What a strange little Julia you are!" said grandma, smoothing her golden hair. "Tell me why you want the other two grandmas."

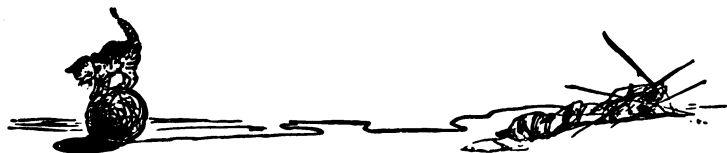
8. "Oh, don't you know? For the stories. Grandma Wray promised to tell me one the very next time she came. Now, if you will let me ask both, perhaps grandma Knapp will tell a story, too."

9. "If it will really please you, dear, you shall have your tea-party. Wait, and I will write a note to each."

10. "You darling grandma," said Julia, climbing on a chair, and giving her a good hug. "I love you forty million bushels!"

11. Then, drawing her chair to her mamma's writing desk, she said: "Sit here and write, while I wind up the yarn that little mischief has been rolling off."

12. "O, you dear, naughty, precious, good-for-nothing Gnat! How busy you have been! There, stand on that high shelf to punish you while I wind. You need not cry, 'Ne-ow, ne-ow.' If I were to let you help me now, (if that's what you mean,) grandma would never loosen these knots you have made."



13. "Oh, but wouldn't you like to spring down, Miss Gnat, if you only could, and make the yarn fly off this ball again? You are not one bit sorry. Kittens have such funny ways, grandma."

14. "So have little girls, sometimes, pet. But here are the notes. Put on your cloak and mittens and carry them to your friends, while I tell Martha we are to have friends to tea."



15. "Yes, grandma, dear, as soon as I lift kitty down. Do see! She caught at one of my curls!"

16. In less than an hour the two old ladies, grandma Wray and grandma Knapp, stood at the door of Julia's home, each holding a hand of her little friend.

17. There was a cheerful fire in the grate in grandma Wright's room. Julia brought two more rocking-chairs, and as soon as their wraps were removed, the three grandmothers took out their knitting, put on their glasses, sat down, and began to knit.

18. Grandma Wright's was a blue stocking for Julia. Grandma Wray's was a red mitten for her grandson Hugh. Grandma Knapp's was a sock for a poor little boy who lived near her.

19. Julia stood watching them for a moment, and wondering if she would ever be old and wear glasses and knit without looking at her fingers. Then, drawing nearer to grandma Knapp, she said:

20. "It would be so nice to hear you tell that story now—the one you promised—about your first silk dress."

21. "Dear child," said the old lady, kindly, "You have a right to ask for a story, since you chose to invite me to your tea-party. Bring your little chair close to mine and I shall do my best to please you."

LESSON LXVIII.

lovely	machine	finished	moment
double	machine	polished	payment
doubled	machine	flourished	pavement
trouble	machine	nourished	statement
troubled	machine	cherished	amusement

GRANDMA KNAPP'S STORY. I.

1. They used to call me Cricket, when I was a little girl, because I was always humming and chirping about the house.

2. One day, my young lady sister, Prue, held up a roll of dark blue silk and said, "Cricket, if you will mind every time I speak to you for a week, I'll make you a silk dress."

3. "Just see if I don't, sister," I answered. And I did, because, you see, it took her a week to make the dress. There were no sewing machines in those days, and Prue only sewed a few hours each day.

4. So, all that week, when she would say, "Cricket, run up stairs for my thimble," or,



GRANDMA KNAPP.

"Look for my needle," I did not forget that she was making a dress for *me*, and did not once say, "Wait a minute."

5. She let me try it on as soon as it was finished. I felt very proud, as this was my first silk dress, and asked if I might go over and show it to Dimple.

6. "Who was Dimple?" asked Julia. Grandma Knapp laughed when Julia asked this question, and, laying her hand upon grandma Wright's shoulder, said, "Ask *her*."

7. "They used to call *me* Dimple," said Julia's own grandmother.

8. "Did you know each other then, grandma Knapp?" asked Julia, with a look of wonder.

9. "Yes, indeed. We played together when we were no older than you are. Well, Julia, I went across the street to show my new dress; but my little friend was not at home. When I came back, sister said:

10. "Slip this apron on and watch until Dimple comes."

11. Soon she tripped around the corner in her crimson dress, striped stockings, and new bronze

gaiters. I did not even stop to take off my apron, but ran over to show my new dress.

12. "It is very pretty, Cricket," she said.

13. "See the waist," I said, pulling off my apron and dropping it on the steps.

14. "Let us walk up and down the pavement, Cricket," said Dimple. "Now, if you only could wear my gaiters and stockings, how lovely they would look with your new dress."

15. "Yes, and if you were only as large as I am, you might try my dress on."

16. "Just wait here a minute, Cricket," said Dimple, as she turned and ran into the house.

LESSON LXIX.

tidy	gaiter	chanced	Christmas
alley	waiter	forgive	frightened
valley	soiled	forgiven	yesterday
untidy	climbed	return	to-morrow
cinders	grieved	returned	to-morrow



**GRANDMA KNAPP'S STORY. II.**

1. She came back very soon, bringing a hat and a hood. She placed the hat upon my head and asked me to tie the ribbons of her hood under her chin, saying as I did so, "Let us take a walk."

2. We walked until we came to an alley.

There we saw a child about Dimple's size, picking cinders. She had golden hair, like yours, Julia, and her eyes were blue.

3. "Oh, Dimple," I said, "wouldn't she look sweet, dressed up? She is just your size, and your gaiters would fit her. My dress would be too long, but it would look nice. Let us take her through the back gate to your carriage house and undress there."

4. "But you didn't, did you, grandma?" asked Julia.

5. "Yes, dear, we did. We first took off her soiled stockings and worn shoes, and then her ragged dress. Dimple helped me unfasten my new dress and I helped her unbutton her gaiters.

6. "Wouldn't she look lovely if her face were clean?" I said, stepping back to look at the child, as she stood with my new dress on.

7. "Please let me run home and show my mother. It is not far," she said.

8. "Shall we, Dimple?" I asked. "Her mother never saw her dressed up. It will please her so. How long will it take you, little girl?"

9. "Only a few minutes. Then I can see myself in the glass. I was never dressed up before."

10. "Well, go; but you must hurry back," we called after her as she skipped around the corner.

11. We waited a long time in the carriage house for the little girl who never came. We were frightened, and began to blame each other.

12. "I should never have thought of dressing her up if it had not been for you, Cricket," said Dimple.

13. "And I should not have lost my pretty dress if I had not come over to show it to you. Oh, what will sister say? Won't you go around and bring my apron? It is on your front steps."

14. "How can I, Cricket, in my bare feet? Mamma will be so grieved! She only bought my gaiters and stockings yesterday."

15. "Well, then, Dimple, please put on my shoes and stockings and bring my apron. I can not cross the street without it."

16. But Dimple could only cry, and soon I began to cry with her.

17. John, the coachman, chanced to hear us. He came up and asked what was the matter. We told him, and I sent him to bring my apron.

18. "Go in and tell mamma about it, John," said Dimple. "Tell her she may have all the money I have been saving since Christmas, to buy me another pair of gaiters, if she will only forgive me."

19. We both said we were sorry that we had spoken cross words, and we kissed each other before I went home.

20. I knew that sister would not scold me. She never did. It was the thought of my own folly that hurt me so.

21. I went straight to her room, climbed up in her lap, put my arms around her neck and sobbed out my sad story.

22. I told her I knew that she would forgive me, but I was not sure that she could ever love me again.

23. She did not speak at first. When she did, she asked me why I had not come sooner to tell her of my loss.

24. "Why, sister, how could I? Hiding out

there in the carriage house without an apron on!"

25. "Why did you not send Dimple?"

26. "She was bare-footed, and did not dare to cross the street without shoes on."



27. Then Prue laughed. "Who ever heard of such silly children?" she said. "Dressing up a strange child, and waiting for her to come back! I am sorry you lost your dress; but I am really glad that the girl did not return."

28. "Why, sister!" I said in surprise.

29. "Yes, dear, it was better. I should not like you to wear a dress after an untidy child had worn it."

30. "And if she should bring it to-morrow?" I asked.

31. "She will never bring it, dear. My little sister must do without a silk dress for a long while. I trust this will teach her a lesson. I want her to be kind to the poor, but she must learn to give in the right way."

LESSON LXX.

tenth	Anna	dough	boyhood
youth	Hannah	though	girlhood
spongy	cellar	throw	manhood
stingy	instead	although	childhood
scolding	ma'am	cupboard	childhood

GRANDMA WRAY'S STORY. I.

1. I had no little brothers or sisters to play with in my childhood, and, as I was very lonely, at times, I often went down into the kitchen to talk to Hannah, our cook.

2. Hannah was always very kind to me. One day, I passed through the kitchen with my kitty in my arms—



GRANDMA WRAY.

3. "What was its name, grandma?" asked Julia.

4. "Sunbeam, dear." Sunbeam had been playing in the coal-cellar, and there was smut on her face.

5. "Just see this naughty kitty, Hannah," I said.

6. "Be very careful, Dotty, or she will scratch you when you try to wash her face. Just wait until I put this loaf into the pan, and I'll hold her."

7. So I stood there, watching Hannah molding the soft dough, and when she was through, she held Sunbeam's paws while I washed her face.



8. "Let her run around awhile," said Hannah. "Cats don't like water. She feels cross, instead of thanking you. Do you want to break these eggs for me? Will you take care not to drop them?"



9. "Oh, yes, indeed I will."

10. A few moments later, while I was deep in the joys of "helping" Hannah, some one knocked loudly at the kitchen door.

11. Turning quickly, we saw two girls standing outside,—the elder with a basket on her arm. She stepped forward and said in a low, whining voice: "Please, give us some cold meat and bread."

12. "You will, won't you?" I whispered to Hannah.

13. She did not reply, but looked sharply at the girl's face.

14. "Where do you live?" she asked.

15. "We live with our sick mother, in a garret, on Market street," said the girl.

16. "Have you no one to care for you?"

17. "No, ma'am."

18. "Oh, Hannah, please let me fill her basket. Mamma would, I am sure. Do, do!"

19. The girl lifted her head and smiled at me, as Hannah took the basket to the cupboard. There was part of a loaf of bread and a large piece of roast beef on the shelf.

20. "Give it all to her. Mamma will not be home to lunch and we don't need it. They both look hungry."

21. It was the first time I ever thought that

Hannah was stingy. If I had not coaxed her, I believe she would not have given the girl anything.

22. "You did not seem one bit sorry," I said, after the children had gone.

23. "I am not sure that she was telling me the truth, Dotty. That little girl did not look like her sister."

24. "But sisters do not always look alike."

25. "No; but the other child did not seem like a beggar."

26. "Why, Hannah! Just as if you could tell!"

LESSON LXXI.

intend	entered	nothing	trembling
pretend	suffered	anything	tumbling
scarcely	tempered	something	dividing
obtain	remembered	everything	dandelion
complain	remembered	everything	dandelion

GRANDMA WRAY'S STORY. II.

1. About a week after this, the beggar girl came again. I was sitting on the front steps with Sunbeam in my lap. She had no basket, this time, but held a tin pail in her hand.

2. "Where is your servant?" she asked.

3. "Hannah? She is up-stairs, sweeping. Where is your sister?"

4. "Sick in bed with my mother," she answered.

5. "Poor little thing!" I said.

6. "I am just going round the corner to get some milk for them. A kind lady told me to come. Run in and get a little pail and go with me. If you will, I'll give you some milk for your kitty."

7. "I should not like to take it from your sick mother," I said.

8. "But the lady has so much more than she can use. Sometimes she throws it away."

9. "Well," I said, starting up, "I will run and ask my mamma if I may go."

10. "Poh!" she said, "don't take the trouble. It is just round the corner. She won't care."

11. "But my hat—"

12. "You won't need it. It's shady all the way."

13. "But I can't reach the pails. They hang so high above the kitchen table."

14. "I can. Come, show me."



15. The girl moved so quickly, it seemed scarcely a minute after she had entered the kitchen and reached up for the pail, until we had walked to the end of our block and turned the corner.

16. "Is it in this house?" I asked.

17. "No; round the next corner. I'll tell you when we come to the house. Walk faster."

18. After we had turned two more corners, I began to feel frightened.

19. "It is too far," I said. You told me it was very near. I can not go with you."

20. "Well, what if I did," she said, in an angry tone.

21. "Don't you tell the truth?" I asked, in wonder.

22. "See here, little girl, don't talk that way to me. Just remember you're lost if I don't choose to take you back."

23. I looked around. Everything was strange. I began to cry.

24. "Now listen," she said, catching hold of my arm, "if you intend to whine and cry, I'll pick you up and carry you off where you will never see your mother again."

25. "I won't, I won't," I sobbed, trembling from fright.

26. "We are going to spend the day in the country. It will do you good to see the green fields and the trees. If you mind what I say, I'll bring you back; but if you make me angry I'll run off and leave you."

27. Ah, little Julia, I hope you may never know what I suffered in that long, long walk to the country! I feared Nancy (she had told me her name) too much to complain; though my head ached badly and my feet were cramped and sore.

28. At last we climbed a fence dividing the dusty road from the green fields.

29. "Hand me the pails," she said. "Here, where the fence is low."

30. "Oh, see the pretty yellow roses!" I said.

31. "How silly you are not to know dandelions from roses. Here are some that have run up to seed."

32. "Were they ever yellow?"

33. "Yes; just like these. Gather some and I will show you how to make curls."



34. We pulled the long, straight stems and sat down on the grass, while she showed me how to divide them with my tongue. How lovely the curls seemed! This was all so new to me

35. Then she held a feathered stem to my mouth. "Blow three times," she said, "and if all the feathers blow off, it is a sign that your mother wants you."

36. "O, I know she wants me, Nancy. Do let us go."

37. "Not a step, if you cry! Mind what I told you."

38. "Poor grandma!" said little Julia. "How naughty she was!"

39. "Yes, dear. You see Hannah was right. She could not trust this girl, and I should have remembered what she said."

LESSON LXXII.

sweat	wreath	syrup	toward
trough	wreathes	gallop	toward
troughs	sure	Philip	timidly
dreaded	sugar	scallop	rapidly
threaded	surely	scallop	stupidly



GRANDMA WRAY'S STORY. III.

1. We climbed over into the next field, where we found a great many trees with cuts in their sides and little troughs at their roots. Clear water was dripping into these troughs.

2. "What a pity to cut the pretty trees!" I said.

3. "You silly little thing; that is the sugar water. They boil it down to make syrup and sugar. Here, taste it," she said, taking a thimble from her pocket and filling it with the water. "Isn't it nice and sweet?"

4. She dipped her thimble in many times and drank of the water. There were violets in the field.

5. "Wouldn't they look pretty with the little yellow roses mixed in?" I asked, timidly.

6. She laughed aloud. "Who ever heard of a wreath of dandelions? Sit down on the grass while I pour my violets into your lap."

7. I did so, and watched her picking long stems of grass. Throwing herself down beside me, she showed me how to string the purple flowers.



8. "May I have my wreath when it is done, Nancy?"

9. "Yes; I will wind them both into one and put it on your head. Then we will play you are Queen of the May."

10. "I don't know what that means."

11. "No, I've found out you don't know much; but you ought to thank me for bringing you out here where you can see the violets and little yellow roses as you call them. It must be dull staying in that large house all day with no one to play with. Don't you think you will want to come with me again?"

12. Much as I feared her, I was brave enough to say, "I will never go any place again without asking my mother."

13. We stayed a long time in the fields, making our wreaths. Indeed, I fell asleep in the tall grass, while Nancy was searching for four-leaved clovers; but I dared not remind her that it was late. At last she was ready to go.

14. "Are you sure you know the way? See, it is growing dark, Nancy?"

15. "Yes; I know the way by heart; but look

straight at me," she said, stopping short. "If you don't promise me that you will never tell any body that I coaxed you away, I'll leave you right here."

16. "I won't tell. Indeed, I won't."

17. "And won't point me out if you see me in the street?"

18. "No; indeed, indeed, I won't."

19. "Because, if you do, I'll watch and steal you when no one is looking, and take you where no one will ever find you. Put down your flowers."

20. I did so, trembling and sobbing, as she picked me up and carried me a short distance.

21. "There, don't you see how easy it will be for me to carry you off?"

22. "Yes; but I'll never tell!"

23. After that we walked on in silence. We were in the city now, but I did not know the streets.

24. As we turned a corner, a man came toward us, ringing a bell and crying: "Lost child! lost child!" He saw me by the light of a street lamp.

25. "What is your name?" he asked.

**THE DOWNY WOODPECKER.**

26. "Dotty Brown, sir."

27. "Then you are the lost child. Stop girl!"
I looked around. Nancy was not there.

28. "Who was that girl who ran away?"

29. "Don't ask me, sir, please don't!" and
thinking of Nancy's threat, I cried aloud.

30. "There is no need to cry now, little one.
You are found." Then, lifting me in his arms,
he carried me to my home.

31. A loud ringing of the bell brought Hannah
to the door. I sprang into her arms and clung
to her neck, sobbing.

32. "Don't scold me, Hannah, and don't ever
ask who took me away!"

33. "No, poor lamb, I won't, for I feel sure I
know. It was that beggar girl. I saw her
looking at the house this morning."

34. "Did you ever see Nancy again?" asked
Julia, as she stroked the kitten that lay asleep in
her lap.

35. "No, dear; and not until years had passed,
and I was old enough not to fear the beggar's
threat, could I be coaxed to tell, even my mother,
all about that first day I spent in the country."

LESSON LXXIII.

yield	copy	daylight	neighbor
field	choke	twilight	neighbors
hour	found	sunlight	disgusted
honest	whiskey	starlight	cigarette
hourly	crowned	moonlight	cigarette

*THE BOYS.

1. First boy:

If a boy lies soundly sleeping
While the sun sails up the sky,
While the red light grows to silver,
While the birds are singing high—
What then?

2. Second boy:

Why, then, boys, he'll be a poor man;
Weeds will choke his peas and corn;
So, for my part, I'll be waking
With the first bright rays of morn.

⁵For alternate reading and for recitation.

3. First:

If a boy deceives his mother,
Smokes, by stealth, his cigarette;
Early forms a taste for whiskey,
Learns to shuffle cards and bet—
What then?

4. Second:

Why, then, boys, he throws his manhood,
Life, and hope, and heaven away;
Is his parents' shame and sorrow,
Is his country's curse alway.

5. First:

If a boy, instead, goes bravely
To his task or to his work;
Keeps lips clean from smoke and drinking;
Is not idle—does not shirk—
What then?

6. Second:

Why, then, boys, in hours coming,
He shall be a man to praise;
Blessing to his race and country,
Helper for the future days.

LESSON LXXIV.

Thomas	invented	dolly	common
Edison	repented	angry	careful
doll-phones	prevented	hungry	motion
twinkle	consented	savage	squeezed
diamond	contented	Micmac	trimmed

DOLLS.

1. I wonder if there is a little girl in the world who does not like dolls. So many kinds of dolls there are, too! Wax, china, rubber, cloth, leather, and rag dolls!

2. And how many styles of dress! Dresses of silk, cloth, lawn, print—indeed, as many kinds as the dolls' mammas wear.

3. The dolls of little savage girls have beads for eyes and mouth, and dresses of fur. Besides these, they have a doll of clay. Its nose is formed when the clay is soft, by pinching it into shape.



4. The doll of the Micmac girl is of light leather. Its nose is not pinched up in front, but pushed out from behind, and held in shape by something hard.

5. It has black beads for eyes. Its mouth and eye-brows are made of black paint. Its dress is trimmed with beads, and it wears a bead necklace.

6. Among the many strange things which Mr. Thomas Edison has invented, are talking dolls. He calls these "Doll-phones."

7. They are not like the dolls which can only say "mamma" and "papa" when they are squeezed.

8. I went to see some of these doll-phones, last week. Mr. Edison picked up one with golden curls and rosy cheeks. He placed a clock key in the small of her back, wound her up, and handed her to me.

9. As soon as I had pressed a spring, the doll said, "I love you, mamma. I love you dearly, but I am sleepy now. Please, put me in my little bed."

10. She did not look at all sleepy; but she

said this so much like a little girl would have spoken, that I laid her down gently. It really seemed to me that she wanted to take a nap.

11. Mr. Edison next wound up a black-eyed, brown-haired little beauty, who started off, at a quick rate, with:

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.”



12. Another doll sang a sweet, little song. Will not little girls be happy when these doll-phones become common?

13. How nice it will be to play school with dolls then!

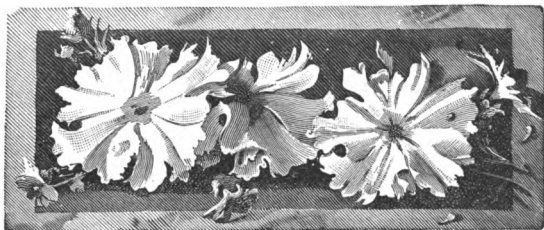
14. Mr. Edison has invented another strange thing. If you talk into it and send it to papa, when he is away, he has only to set it in motion and hold a tube to his ear, when he will hear the very words you said in your own voice.

15. It will not be long, I think, until he will have dolls made that can repeat every word they hear.

16. All the cross, unkind words, as well as the sweet and gentle ones. Just think how it will sound when some one picks up your doll and touches a spring, if she begins to scold and fret, in your own voice, and thus makes it known how you act when you are angry!

17. Yet even this is not as bad as it is for your little brothers and sisters to see you when you are angry; for they will act just as you do, and say the very words that fall from your lips.

18. So please be careful what you say when those dear little "dolly-phones" are near you.



LESSON LXXV.

modest	perfume	shady
violet	array	humility
color	arrayed	valley
coloring	graced	alley

THE VIOLET.

1. Down in a green and shady bed
 A, modest violet grew ;
 Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
 As if to hide from view.
2. And yet it was a lovely flower,
 Its colors bright and fair ;
 It might have graced a rosy bower,
 Instead of hiding there.
3. Yet there it was content to bloom,
 In modest tints arrayed ;
 And there it spreads its sweet perfume
 Within the silent shade.

4. Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see ;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.
-

LESSON LXXVI.

scarlet	merry	September
autumn	merrily	October
rustled	holiday	November
clothes	becoming	December

THE DEATH OF THE LEAF.

1. Once upon a time, long, long ago, a little maple leaf was heard to sigh, as leaves often do, when a gentle wind is moving. One of the twigs said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

2. "The cruel wind," replied the leaf, "has just told me that some day it will pull me off and throw me to the ground to die."

3. The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree; and the tree, hearing it, rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf: "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

4. So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

5. It grew all summer long, and even till October. When the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some had both colors. Then it asked the tree what the coloring meant.

6. The tree answered: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to fly away, and grew very beautiful in thinking of going. When it was very gay in hue, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them. Then the leaf said: "Oh, branches! why are you lead-color, while we leaves are golden?"

7. The branches replied: "We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

8. Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of what it was doing. A breeze caught it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air. Then the leaf dropped gently down beside the fence, among hundreds of other leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it had dreamed about.

LESSON LXXVII.

afar	music	curious
alone	breakfast	furious
abroad	frightening	serious
among	strangest	glorious

THE LAND OF NOD.

1. From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the Land of Nod.
2. All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

3. The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the Land of Nod.
4. Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.



